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DR. NANSEN IN LONDON IS SKETCHED IN THIS WEEK'S "P.I.P."



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The "Royal Ajax" and "Silver Queen" Cycles are brought before the public in such an attractive illustrated pamphlet by the British Cycle Manufacturing Company, of 45, Everton Road, Liverpool, that their admirable road-racers and ladies' safeties will undoubtedly be in deserved request for the coming "biking" season. This capital brochure also contains useful hints as to the easiest method of learning to cycle.

"For Ten Years," said the new boarder at a boarding-house, my habits were as regular as clock-work. I rose on the stroke of six; half an hour later I sat down to breakfast; at seven I was at work; dined at twelve, ate supper at six, and I was in bed at 9.30; ate only healthy food, and hadn't a sick day in all that time." "Dear me," said the deacon, in sympathetic tones, "and what were you in for?" (An awful silence ensued.)

The Northern Star.**WELCOME TO DR. NANSEN.**

MANY a quaint heroic saga Norsemen sang in days of yore,
With a sword in every stanza and the ocean's mystic roar;
But to-day and in the future Norway's minstrels shall unfold
Nobler deeds in nobler music than the warlike bards of old.

They shall tell of mighty battles with the skies' and ocean's wrath;
How a hardy modern Viking stormed the fortress of the North;
Caring naught for dread and danger that he might to Norway give
Glory in her son's endeavour, deeds that linger, songs that live.

They shall show a gallant vessel, with the hero northwards bound—
Miles of frozen snows before them, miles of frozen seas around—
Sailing down the fjord and slowly disappearing from our ken,
Stranded 'mid an ice-bound ocean in a world unknown to men.

They shall sing of scenes of danger 'neath the distant Northern Star;
How grim cold and sickness never could the hero's pathway bar.
Deeds of silent heroism when the fight with Nature roars,
And the plucky march with famine o'er the white North's virgin shores.

Silent years of brave endeavour through the stirring strains shall roll;
Pressing through fierce winds and snow-drifts ever on towards the Pole,
Till the contest brings the glimmer of the crown that is in store,
For, at last, the brave explorer stands where none have stood before.

Not in vain that direful journey, with its strivings grand and great,
For it proves that gallant spirits rise above the hardest fate;
That the struggle ends in triumph, brings the farthest goal in sight;
That the star of high endeavour glimmers through the darkest night.

'Tis the motive and the struggle, not the triumph that may be,
Which to-day have stirred the spirits of a people brave and free.
What though far in unknown regions lies the undiscovered Pole,
'Tis the seeker's strength we honour, the heroic sailor soul.

'Tis the battle we are praising, not the spoils of victory;
For in the undaunted Norseman—that heroic trait we see
Which has brought our country foremost in the field and on the wave—
Sturdy, steady, stubborn, daring, proudest motto of the brave.

Grand old sea-dogs were those Vikings of the fighting times of old;
And their giant son is modelled in the same heroic mould:
Long of limb and broad of shoulder, framed for feats of strength and skill;
Steadfast eyes of Northern azure telling of a dauntless will.

Now the stalwart, blue-eyed Norseman seeks a welcome in our land
From a race of British Vikings strong in heart and strong in hand.
Naught is lacking in their greeting to the hero from afar,
Heartily a Northern people welcome give the Northern Star.

KATE BISHOP ("Kay Bee").

ASTON'S SOVEREIGN EMBROCAION CURES Rheumatism, Sprains, Aches, Wounds, Is. 1d. by post of the Proprietors, 18, 3d.—ASTON CHEMICAL CO., Birmingham.—(ADVT.)



He: "Yes, I was saved, but the poor little dog was drowned."
She: "Oh, I am sorry."
AMBIGUOUS!

To Correspondents.

ALL Artistic and Literary communications for this Journal should be addressed to "The Editor of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER," and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, HENRY JAMES TAYLOR, 10, Milford Lane, Strand, London.

Talk of London.**THE PRINCE'S HOSPITAL SCHEME.**

THE PRINCE OF WALES has taken the lead in a noble scheme that will vastly increase his popularity and add to the funds of the great hospitals whose interests he has at heart. He is the right man in the right place, and his admirable plan is advocated with the tact and goodwill always characteristic of the Prince's public acts. No other Royal personage in Europe



THE COUNTESS OF KINGSTON
(MISS LISETTE WALKER).

From a Photograph by Alice Hughes, 52, Gower Street.

is so happy in making an appeal to the people; and he will be sure of a hearty response. His Royal Highness's idea is that if the half a million of householders contributing at the present time nothing to the London hospitals were only to give one shilling a year it would save those invaluable institutions from ruin; while half-a-crown per annum would make them independent. The Prince has hit upon an exceptionally "happy thought," which in coming years will cause thousands of sufferers to say "God Bless the Prince of Wales." He will be blessed, and so will the cause he so admirably advocates. This is one practical way of celebrating the sixtieth year of Her Most Gracious Majesty's reign which meets with general approval.

Her Majesty's Government

ought certainly, on their part, to do something beyond sending the invitations to Colonial Premiers to commemorate fitly the record reign of the Queen. Cruelly overtaxed and scandalously over-rated householders should, in this year of rejoicing, be relieved by a wise reduction of taxation, Imperial and local. Monstrous extravagances of spendthrift School Boards and prodigal County Councils, London and provincial, should be checked with a strong hand. Then with a lighter heart would the shamefully over-burdened ratepayers, groaning under the ever-increasing and crushing load of taxation, be able to join in the public festivities in honour of a Sovereign who sympathises more with her misgoverned people than the majority of her Ministers do.

The Royal Procession Through London, heralded in Monday's *Daily News*, would unquestionably prove the most popular feature of the Court celebration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. From that possible outline of the jubilation, it seems uncertain whether Her Majesty will be strong enough to attend personally the Thanksgiving Service, which will probably be held in St. Paul's. But it is suggested that the Queen, after being present at a religious service in Buckingham Palace with members of the Royal Family, will rejoice the hearts of the People by joining in a State Procession from the Palace up Constitution Hill, turning at Hyde Park Corner down Piccadilly via St. James's Street or Lower Regent Street to Pall Mall, Trafalgar Square, the Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, Cannon Street, Mansion House, and King William Street to the Tower Bridge, thence through a leading South London thoroughfare to Westminster Bridge, and back to Buckingham Palace. There can be no doubt that the greatest amount of public gratification would be caused if the Queen could undergo the fatigue of such a long journey north and south of the Thames. The affectionate reverence felt for "Victoria the Good" would be most enthusiastically demonstrated.

Miss Lisette Walker Married to the Earl of Kingston.

St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, S.W., was on the 3rd inst. filled with a fashionable assembly to witness the marriage of the Earl of Kingston

(Henry Edwyn King-Tenison, ninth Earl) to Miss Lisette Walker, youngest daughter of the late Sir Andrew Barclay Walker, Bart., of Osmaston Manor, Derbyshire, and Gateacre Grange, near Liverpool (the enormously wealthy brewer, whose magnificent gifts to the City of Liverpool include the "Walker Art Gallery," which he built at a cost of over £40,000). The handsome church was beautifully decorated with white flowers and tall palms in the effective and well-known "Goodyear" style; and the nuptial knot was tied by the Right Rev. the Hon. A. J. R. Anson, formerly Bishop of Qu'Appelle, North-West Canada. There were seven bridesmaids, and two little train-bearers in attendance on the bride. The former wore dresses of white satin trimmed with chiffon and lace, and large green velvet picture hats adorned with white ostrich feathers, while each carried a pretty "Goodyear" bouquet of daffodils. The little train-bearers (a boy and girl) looked very well in costumes of white satin. Sir Peter Walker gave his charming sister away; and Mr. John O'Shea acted as best man. Beautiful, indeed, looked the bride (whose portrait is given) in her sumptuous robes of white duchesse satin, trimmed with Brussels lace and orange-blossoms. She wore no jewellery, but carried a splendid "Goodyear" bouquet of white orchids. A large reception was held at the Hans Crescent Hotel; and later the Earl and Countess of Kingston left for Killoonan Castle, Carrick-on-Shannon, one of the seats of the bridegroom. The presents numbered upwards of five hundred.

Another Well-Matched Pair.

We have much pleasure in being also able to print an excellent portrait of Miss Clare Streathfield, only daughter of the late Mr. J. F. Streathfield, F.R.C.S., of Upper Brook Street, W. This bright and pretty young lady was married on Saturday last to Mr. Reginald G. March, of the Lord Chamberlain's Office, only son of Mr. T. C. March, C.B., of the Board of Green Cloth, Buckingham Palace. The ceremony took place in the Church of the Annunciation, Regent Street, and was performed by the Rev. P. T. Bainbridge, M.A. Only two bridesmaids followed the bride. They wore frocks of buff-coloured Liberty silk with scarlet sashes, and large buff hats adorned with scarlet; and, instead of the usual bouquets, carried muffs of scarlet geraniums. The bewitching bride was given away by her mother. She wore the orthodox white satin gown, and her ornaments consisted of a diamond star and a diamond, pearl, and enamel bracelet (the gift of the bridegroom's father). Mr. Charles Hancock was the groomsmen. The numerous wedding guests were welcomed at 43, Hyde Park Square (lent by Mrs. Sydney Streathfield), and, later in the afternoon, the happy pair left for Paris. The bride travelled in a smart costume of black-faced cloth trimmed with scarlet velvet and chinchilla, and a large red velvet hat to match.

"Photographing Royalty"

is the title of a seasonable chat with Mr. J. Russell, the urbane head of the noted firm of Russell and Sons, written for the *Windsor Magazine* this month by Mr. R. Treton, and adorned with numerous portraits of the Queen



MISS CLARE STREATHFIELD,

MARRIED FEB. 6 TO MR. REGINALD G. MARCH.
From a Photograph by Dullingham, Harrington Road, S.W.

and the Royal Family. Everyone who has been "taken" by Mr. Russell will understand the reason of this distinguished artist's popularity at Windsor, Sandringham, and Coburg. One is interested to learn that Her Majesty prefers to be photographed in the White Drawing-Room at Windsor Castle; that she "invariably leaves the arrangements to the photographer," and freely enters into conversation whilst sitting. "The Prince of Wales, too, is most thoughtful, and remembers faces and events with wonderful accuracy—small details that would slip from the memory of a man who had only half H.R.H.'s responsibilities, one would think. On one occasion when I was at Coburg the Prince of Wales saw said, 'There will be a party at Rosenan tomorrow. You might get some good groups if you go.' And he asked his equerry to get a pass for me." Mr. Russell owns that "for delightful

personality, however, it would be difficult to find anyone to eclipse.

The Princess of Wales.

Consequently, photographing at Sandringham is exceptionally pleasant work. There is such perfect naturalness, and one might almost say a homeliness, about the Princess and her daughters. They take the liveliest interest in the portraits, the grouping, and general arrangement, and they chat with such easy graciousness, that one is more than sorry when it is over."

Dr. Nansen in Town.

The Polar explorations of Dr. Nansen have been brought vividly before us in his own modest, homely words at the dinner of the Royal Societies Club, at the Savage Club symposium, and at the Magic Lantern Lecture before the Prince of Wales and thousands of other geographers (more or less travelled) at the Albert Hall. But it is safe to say, from what has already been heralded, that Messrs. Constable's magnificently illustrated work by Nansen himself—a credit to British enterprise under adverse circumstances and to the Cactonian art alike—will place the intrepid Norseman on even a higher pinnacle of fame, inasmuch as it is bound to bring home to readers more fully and adequately the hardships Dr. Nansen and his brave companions cheerfully underwent to attain their object.

Nansen's "Farthest North"

will virtually be Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co.'s Valentine to the British reading

Forbes had for thirteen years acted in a similar capacity to the Duke of Buccleuch in Dumfriesshire, and in all agricultural matters he is a gentleman of great experience.

The Plague in India.

Some simple-minded natives of India believe that the plague was a punishment inflicted in return for the outrage to the Queen's statue at Bombay. England did feel the insult, but has taken the noblest form of revenge in subscribing over £200,000 to relieve the famine-stricken people in other parts of India. A curious sequel to the statue affair is related in an Indian journal. In a district where another figure of Her Majesty was erected, the peasants bow whenever they pass it.

King Oscar the Second's

good-looking, bearded face and his Stockholm Palace are the opening photographs of the beautiful and useful "Stockholm" handbook the Swedish Tourists' Club has courteously sent me. This is a truly sumptuous guide, clearly written in English, profusely illustrated, and it cannot fail to be signally serviceable to the many English visitors who will be attracted to the Swedish capital by the great Scandinavian Exhibition in Stockholm next summer. Pray do not overwhelm me with applications as to the price of this delightful album and guide in one; but write direct to "The Swedish Tourists' Club, Stockholm."

Underground Railway Atmosphere.

Like some thousands of fellow sufferers I



Mamma: "I vos looking at some goods to make a new dress for little Ikey. I vos quite cheap; but I tink ven dey're vashed dey vill shrink." Papa: "Vell, if dey do, everybody vill say how fast little Ikey vos growin'."

NOT ALTOGETHER A DISADVANTAGE.

the title-role, in which Madame Réjane was so delightful. Sir Henry Irving warns theatrical pirates against infringement of his copyright in Sardou's comedy. Hasten to see Ellen Terry's charming Olivia ere it is too late.

Poor Charlie Harris.

Savoy stage-manager at the time of his sudden death, was unquestionably hastened to his early grave by the hereditary disease which proved fatal to his father and to his brother, Sir Augustus Harris. Pneumonia was the immediate cause of his decease. The brusque, skilful, kind-hearted king of comic opera stage-management was on Monday followed to the family grave in Brompton Cemetery by many sincere mourners, and his coffin was smothered in wreaths sent by Lady Harris, Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte, Sir Arthur Sullivan, and many other personages of note.

The London Theatres

are bound to share largely in the prosperity which bids fair to shine on London in this right loyal and Royal year. It is good news that there is a chance of hearing Melba, as well as the De Reszkes, in the Covent Garden Opera season. But depend upon it, light, bright, musical, and variety fare, such as is provided in "The Circus Girl" at the Gaiety and at the Tivoli Music-Hall, will be most palatable to our numberless visitors and to Londoners generally. Public taste points that way. Of the Avenue and Garrick novelties I must speak next week. Meantime, let me counsel you to see sweet Annie Hughes in "Sweet Nancy" at the Court.

Miss Marie Corelli.

attended by quite a court of admirers in the grand circle prompt-side stage-box, was among the heartiest applauders last Saturday night of Mr. Wilson Barrett's impressive new Biblical play at the Lyric. Charming pretty and graceful, this clever novelist stood up and energetically clapped her hands while a minority "boo-cood" at the close of the piece.

"The Daughters of Babylon."

sumptuously produced by the lucky syndicate which made a fortune out of the same author's "Sign of the Cross," proved a radiant feast of colour, enchanting to the eye; and I must confess that, if I found the last act rather flagging in interest and was over-flavoured with Israel, I was engrossed by the story of Babylon as a whole. Indeed, Mr. Wilson Barrett, as dramatist, chief actor, and manager, must have laboured so hard that I, for one, thought the hissing unmerited. It was in a measure provoked, however, by the too-exuberant applause of the majority. There should be moderation in these first-night demonstrations. To the melodious strains composed by Mr. Edward Jones, the simple drama of the loves of Lemuel and Elma and of Jediah and Ishtar is enacted in front of some of the loveliest scenes the genius of William Telbin, Walter Ham, and T. E. Ryan has ever conjured up for admiration. It is a touching, human story based on the ancient Jewish punishment of a man or woman for breaking their betrothal vows and taking up with a fresh sweetheart—a uncommon circumstance in the present day. As the magnanimous young hero who seeks safety in Babylon from his love for his brother's fiancée Elma, emerges unstained from the Babylonian temptations of the seductive Ishtar, and bravely faces the ordeal of trial at the judgment seat of Zoar, Mr. Wilson Barrett comported himself right manfully, if he was rather too décolleté in the first scene. Miss Mand Jeffries was beautiful and attractive as the betrothed Elma, and Miss Lily Hambury very powerful as the impassioned siren Ishtar, who makes all end happily. The strong characterisation of Mr. Franklin McLeay as Jediah, Mr. Charles Hudson as Sabael, Mr. Ambrose Manning as Alorus, and Mr. Alfred Brydson as Zoar added to the effectiveness of "The Daughters of Babylon."

THE PROMPTER.

She: "This road is very steep. Can't I get a donkey to take me up?" He: "Lean on me, my darling."

A Little Girl sat gazing fixedly at the bonnet of one of her mother's visitors, until the caller smilingly asked: "Do you like it, my dear?" The child innocently replied: "Yes, I do. Mamma and Aunt Milly said it was a perfect fright, but it doesn't frighten me a bit."

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BENSON'S ASSOCIATIONS.—Applications for Agencies Invited

THE DAUGHTERS OF BABYLON



MR. WILSON BARRETT'S BABYLONIAN FEAST OF COLOUR AT THE LYRIC.

public, for the volumes are to be issued on Feb. 15, Monday next. It was rather hard on this eminent publishing firm, which had paid Dr. Nansen a fortune for his latest Arctic experiences, that not only should the *Daily Chronicle* have given a lucid summary of the eventful story in Nansen's own words some months ago, but that the *Scotsman* should have printed a review of Messrs. Constable's book on Saturday last, thus anticipating the reviews of the London papers. Messrs. Constable explicitly state that no copy was sent for review thus early to the *Scotsman* or any other paper.

The Late Dr. Profet's Successor

in the management of the Queen's Scotch estate will be Mr. James Forbes. Mr. Forbes recently had an audience of the Queen, and after Lady Day will take up his residence at Crathie. Mr.

sometimes find it convenient (for my sins) to travel underground; but I generally feel an unpleasant choking sensation, and a taste like lucifer matches in my mouth at the end of the journey. I learn with much satisfaction that this drawback will soon be removed. If the tunnel does not become quite so sweet and refreshing as the breezes of the Riviera, the air will be greatly improved.

The Carl Rosa Company.

unfortunately, had the worst possible weather during their brief three weeks' season at the Garrick. But the high merits of the Company were becoming more substantially recognised. The manager tells me that in spite of all difficulties the directors were so pleased with the results, and with the cordial welcome of the Press, that an endeavour will be made to have a two months' season next year at the Garrick (where Mr. Brickwell produces "My Friend the Prince," Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's new comedy, on Saturday night).

Mr. Henry J. Wood.

who is so popular at the Queen's Hall concerts, has secured a leading position as a conductor even at a period when the most famous of foreign musicians are competing with him. When only sixteen he was the director of Mr. Arthur Rousbey's opera company; and when Tchaikovsky's opera "Eugene Onegin" was produced by Signor Lago, Mr. Wood superintended the performance. So early was his talent developed that at ten years of age he was playing the organ at St. Mary's, Aldermanbury. Besides his services as conductor, Mr. Wood has composed several operas; and one of these, called "The Butterfly Queen," will shortly be produced, I hear.

"Madame Sans-Gene"

(whose production at the Lyceum I was first to announce) directly the English version was put into rehearsal is due on Saturday night, Feb. 27, when Sir Henry Irving hopes to be able to make his first appearance since his regrettable indisposition, as Napoleon; Miss Ellen Terry sustaining



Life Insurance Official: "Do you ride a wheel?" Applicant: "No, Sir." Official: "Very sorry, but we can't insure pedestrians." IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

"P.I.P." FEUILLETON.

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The Virtuoso's Violin.

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SIGNOR FRANCATI! Signor Francati! The name of the great virtuoso was repeated on posters all over the town, and old Gomez, shuffling along on some business which had taken him out-of-doors, could not help reading it. He paused, once or twice, gazing absently through his spectacles at the announcement of that night's performance; then shook his head and walked on.

Still this name pursued his fancy. It seemed to be written on the pavement at his feet, to twist itself round lamp-posts, to be scrawled across houses; and he hurried home to his dingy shop, hoping to escape it among his miscellaneous collection of musical instruments and ancient scores such as only the artist or genuine amateur could buy.

There was a cab at the door, and a distinguished-looking middle-aged man rose upon his entrance. A boy had been left in charge, who knew nothing save where a few strings or lumps of rosin were kept, and the stranger had evidently been awaiting the owner's return with some impatience.

"Monsieur Gomez, I believe," he said in Italian-French, as he laid a card upon the tiny width of counter between them.

The old man looked down and started. Were his senses deceiving him? The name had followed him here.

"Signor Francati?" he murmured, twisting the card between his fingers in a vacant way.

"Yes. My name may not be unfamiliar to you, Monsieur. I am to play in this town to-night, but an unfortunate accident has injured my violin. In my despair I have been directed to you. They say you have an instrument almost equal in tone to the one I brought with me. Is it possible, Monsieur, to beg the loan of it for a few hours? Any terms you like to mention will be agreeable to me," added the celebrity with a courteous bow, as if apologising for such an allusion.

Gomez hesitated; a faint flush stole into his withered face, and he frowned behind his spectacles.

"The Signor is welcome to choose," he said at last, bringing out several violins and laying them on the counter. "I shall be happy to oblige him if he finds any instrument worthy."

Francati glanced at them searchingly, handled one or two, then made a wry grimace.

"Ah, bah! Monsieur, you might sell those to an amateur. Do not offer them to a virtuoso!" he exclaimed, turning away with a gesture of sorrowful disdain. Then suddenly he leant both hands on the counter and whispered in a tone of almost tragic intensity, "Where is the Guaderius?"

"You — you cannot have that, Signor," quavered the old man. "The Guaderius belonged to my poor boy — no one will ever play on it again."

The irritable vanity of the artist seemed roused. He drew himself up and burst out with excitement. "Remember, it is I — Francati — who ask to play on it. Surely, Monsieur, if your son was a born musician he would be proud to think the greatest living violinist had begged the loan of his Guaderius. Ah! lend me this instrument, and I will call your son's spirit from the dead so that he shall be with you to-night while I play."

"If you could do that — if you could do that," murmured the old man with quivering lips, while a hungry longing came into his pinched face.

"I can — I am Francati. Tell me about the poor lad. Is it long since you have lost him, since he left you and the Guaderius?" asked the Italian softly.

"Alas, it is many years ago, they tell me; many years ago. To me it is always yesterday."

"And he was a violinist?"

"Yes, yes, a beautiful soul, a genius. His fame would have been equal to yours, Signor, had he lived."

"Ah! He played in public?"

"He was to have made his debut that night," cried Gomez; "that night that he rushed off to Italy to join Garibaldi, with my curses in his ears. He was Italian on his mother's side. He was mad for liberty. For the cause he abandoned me and trampled on his art, yet he loved us both. That night I nearly broke the Guaderius."

Francati started and caught him by the wrist fiercely.

"Fool! Would that bring back your son?" The old man looked at him timidly.

"It is safe. I put the instrument away and waited. But he never came. My boy was killed, shot to the heart in the trenches. Italy was a siren that kissed him to his death. Oh, curse war — curse it — curse it!"

He shook like a withered leaf, and a thick sob strangled itself in his throat.

"Let the Guaderius speak to you — a message of comfort from him."

Moved by some subtle influence he could not withstand, the old man at last obeyed this stranger's behest. His bent figure disappeared into a back room, whence he emerged carrying an ebony case with brass clasps and handles. This bore some resemblance to a small coffin as he laid it on the counter. The inside was lined with quilted satin of gleaming white, and the corpse of a tiny child might have reposed beneath the coverlet lifted with so much reverence.

Instead of any such object, however, Francati's eyes flashed at recognition of a perfect violin from the hands of one of the great makers.

There, browned with age and use, lay the interpreter of bygone tears and laughter; silent now, but only awaiting another human soul to call forth its vibrations. Francati made an impulsive movement, but the case closed with a snap before he could seize that treasure.

"Not here. To-night, to-night. Your promise — remember," cried Gomez, harshly, as he pushed the case towards the player.

"Monsieur," said the artist, making a low bow as he withdrew towards the door, "there will be a great audience. The public have to thank your generosity that they are not to be disappointed. Will you make use of my name if you desire a comfortable seat?" he pointed to the card. "Ah, yes, and if you ask for me in the artists' room after the performance I shall have much pleasure in restoring your Guaderius with eternal acknowledgments of my indebtedness for the favour you have conferred upon me."

He bowed again with grace, and went out to the cab awaiting him, the ebony case in his hand.

Left alone, the old man passed his hours in a dream till it was time for him to make his way to the concert-hall.

He arrived just as the doors were opened, and on presentation of the passers was respectfully shown into a seat. Suddenly the building seemed to fill with a mass of human faces. They floated ceilingwards and overflowed the balconies. The sight made his head swim. He shivered with long-unaccustomed excitement. In the confusion of his mind it seemed to him the years had rolled back, and this was again the night on which his dead boy was to have made his first appearance.

Surely it was Luigi who would step upon the platform, and for whose entrance all this humming multitude waited. He hid his face in his hands, not daring to look up as a sudden hush told him the moment had arrived. The air quivered with silence, and then a bow was drawn across his hands.

Nonetheless the old man as he sat huddled up, living once more through these scenes of his son's childhood and youth which had dropped like a glowing torch into the waters of oblivion. He did not know that there were pauses in the programme, filled mostly with deafening applause, as one piece of music after another was played by Francati to an enthusiastic audience.

To Gomez it seemed only that sometimes the violin spoke to him of his boy with an angel's sweetness, and sometimes was interrupted by the clamour of fiends against which he stopped his ears. But at last he was pushed almost from his seat. He woke to find the platform empty and people streaming from the hall. Then he remembered his Guaderius and hastened round to the artists' room.

"What do you want here?" asked a suspicious individual, eyeing him keenly. "Signor Francati sees no one after his performance."

"He will see me," replied the old man, fumbling for the card.

"And why you?"

"Because he appointed me to come here to reclaim my Guaderius, upon which he played."

"Excuse me, we know nothing of a Guaderius. I am Francati's agent, and am very well aware the Signor played on his own instrument. You had better go."

"I will not move from here till my dead boy's violin is restored to me," cried Gomez, excitedly. "See here is his card; where is Francati?"

"Here am I!"

There was a peculiar cadence in the voice which was not that of the man he had spoken with in the morning, but there, leaning wearily in the doorway, was the same figure in evening dress. Gomez turned a troubled face in his direction, and something in the old man's aspect touched the artist.

"I know nothing of this violin, but come in here and tell me your tale," he said kindly.

"But, Signor, you are tired, and this fellow is mad," expostulated the agent.

"Yes, yes," sobbed Gomez, all at once, as he dropped the card and clasped his head with both hands. "I am mad, I must be mad. I lent my dead son's Guaderius to Francati, and now he denies it, not in his own voice — but Luigi's."

Francati sprang forward with a cry and pulled Gomez within, closing the door on the agent.

What passed in this interview was known only to these two, who found themselves so strangely reunited. Further, the son had mourned each other as dead, through false report, for years, and meanwhile, under the name of Francati, the latter had fulfilled his early promise. Neither Gomez nor his celebrated son ever succeeded in tracing the Guaderius. It had vanished with the clever adventurer whose trick in personating the virtuoso led to the loss of a valuable instrument, but to the recovery of each other.

THE END.

"P.I.P." Gleanings.

COUNT MURAVIEFF, who has been appointed the successor of Count Lobanoff as Russian Foreign Minister, is the son of a Russian General who was active in the Crimean War. According to the *Daily Graphic*, when the Czar was in Copenhagen last year, overburdened with the responsibilities that upon him by the death of Prince Lobanoff and the conflicting councils of M. Shishkin and M. de Nelidoff, he held several conferences with Count Muravieff, the Russian Minister to the Danish Court. M. Muravieff was known to enjoy the confidence of the Czar's mother, and the Emperor consequently asked him to put into writing the views he had expressed on these interviews. The result was an elaborate report on the European situation, which struck the Czar as possessing exceptional merits. Paris gave Count Muravieff a cordial welcome on Jan. 28, when the Czar's Minister had interviews with President Faure and with M. Hanotaux (the French Foreign Secretary). The Count was advanced to the dignity of Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, and wore the red sash at the dinner given by Faure in his honour at the Elysee, where there afterwards took place a delightful operatic concert, followed by a ballet. They manage these things better in France. The new Russian Foreign Minister also met with a cordial reception at Berlin.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, British Ambassador to the United States, may be credited with a good deal of the success of the Arbitration Treaty negotiations, for he is a born diplomat. He is a fine-looking Englishman in his white and gold uniform, and is very popular in Washington Society. He has had the cleverness to give the advice. The next thing he heard was that the letter was in the newspapers, and the opponents of the candidate he favoured were pleading it all over the States and imploring the Irish electors to vote against him. Sir Julian, who is sixty-eight, spent ten years in Hong Kong, and afterwards held a responsible post in the Colonial Office.

Sir James Sivewright, whose warning to the Boers against sending emissaries into Cape Colony to sow dissent has caused so much debate, is a son of a builder in Fenchurch, who sent him to Aberdeen University. Young Sivewright took his degree at eighteen, and after a short period of schoolmastering at Blackheath, worked his way steadily up to the post of general manager of the South African Telegraphs. Sir James Sivewright got his knighthood three years ago, after completing the Cape railway to Johannesburg. He retains his interest in his old University, of which he is an honorary LL.D., and he has devoted much time and money to South African students in Edinburgh University. Sir James Sivewright is an excellent linguist, and can address a mass meeting of Boers in their own tongue with perfect ease. He parted company with Mr. Rhodes politically over the Rand.

The New M.P. for Salisbury is of Danish descent, his grandfather being the founder of the famous chemical works at Newcastle, which have continued so largely to the family fortunes. Mr. Allhusen lives at Stoke Court, Stoke Poges, Bucks, and Mount Street, W., and is the eldest son of the late Mr. Henry C. Allhusen. He was born in 1817, educated at Cheltenham, and married last year Miss Mary Dorothea Osmia Stanley, youngest daughter of Susan May, Lady Jeanes, by her first husband, Colonel the Hon. John Constantine Stanley. He formerly held a commission in the Bucks Yeomanry, is a magistrate for the county, and has only this year been gazetted a Deputy-Lieutenant. He is the twenty-fourth new Member returned to the House of Commons since the General Election of 1885. The election was a very keenly contested one, but the Liberals only succeeded in reducing the Ministerial majority, failing to win the seat.

An American Swell Arrested while Sleighting near Scarborough. — We give a sketch of a well-known American gentleman, who was arrested last month near Scarborough on a charge of forgery. It appears that some time ago Mr. Latimer Ridley Jones built a large establishment at Scalby, Scarborough, and since has become famous for a special breed of American horses that he bred and drove with much state in Scarborough, when he was always accompanied by a fashionably attired lady. He named his farm Eskdale Stud, and employed so many men that he was regarded as king of Scalby. Last month the Scarborough police received a description of an American gentleman wanted on an extradition warrant for a big forgery in New York three years ago, a great many of his horses near Scarborough while he and his wife



COUNT MURAVIEFF.



SIR J. PAUNCEFOTE.



SIR JAMES SIVEWRIGHT.



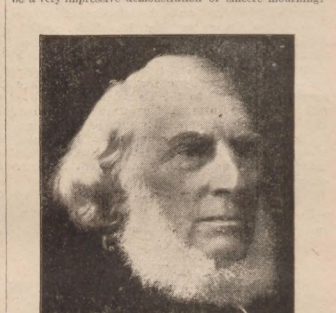
MR. ALLHUSEN, M.P.



LATIMER RIDLEY JONES.

were driving home from a social visit in a sleigh drawn by two high-stepping and spirited American horses. The arrest was effected by Inspector Beswick and two constables, who, acting on instructions received by telegram from Assistant Chief Commissioner Anderson, of Scotland Yard, stopped the sleigh, the Inspector at the same time telling Jones that he was wanted on a charge of forgery at New York. Hence Mr. Jones's appearance on Jan. 29 at Bow Street, where he was remanded. Prisoner's counsel urged that he would endeavour to prove that Jones had paid half of the sum involved at the time, and had for the past three or four years made repeated remittances towards making good the other half.

The Late Rev. Thomas Arnold, of Northampton, was a highly venerated man, of whom we are in duty bound to give a portrait for the sake of our numerous readers in that industrious city. This greatly esteemed minister (a native of county Antrim) died in his eighty-first year, at his residence, 19, St. Paul's Road, Northampton, on Jan. 21; and his high character, and the fact that he had been twenty-two years Pastor of Doddridge Chapel, caused the funeral in Northampton General Cemetery to be a very impressive demonstration of sincere mourning.



THE LATE REV. T. ARNOLD, D.S.M.

From a Photograph courteously sent us by Mr. W. J. Barrett, Kingsmill Street, Northampton.

The present Pastor, the Rev. J. J. Cooper, preached a most earnest and eloquent sermon on the expository life of the late Rev. Thomas Arnold.

The late Mrs. Massingberd, founder of the Pioneer Club, was a remarkable Englishwoman. As the *Morning Leader* stated, it was the strong sympathy Mrs. Massingberd had for the people which induced her to turn the public-houses on her Lincolnshire estate into coffee-houses, and then to establish the Pioneer Club and advocate Women's Suffrage. "It was her sweet sympathy which made her so generous a leader and so tender a friend, and which gave to her artistic tastes so gentle and unassuming a tinge. It was her sympathy which induced her to attend every gathering in her local district and to console or rejoice with her hearers. There has seldom, too, been so many-sided a woman. It has been said of her that if she had not cared for oratory she would have made an actress; that if she chose, she might have gained the operatic stage; and that, if either of these had failed her, she might have become a successful architect. As a fact, she had planned and built many houses on her estate."

The French Mussulman Deputy. — The laughing-loving Parisians are enjoying the fun provided them by Dr. Philip Grenier, the new Mussulman Deputy, who goes down to the Seine every day in the presence of a mob of loafers to wash his feet in accordance with the Koran. He is the son of a cavalry officer, and belongs to a good family at Pontalier. He went to Algeria for his health, fraternised with the Arabs, and became a convert to Islam.

He adopted Mussulman costume, returned to Pontalier, and so endeared himself to his poorer townfolk by his kindness and help that they voted for him at the last election, and returned him as Deputy. He appeared in Paris, in the Chamber of Deputies, in his snow-white burnous, which created as much interest as the famous tweed cap of Mr. Keir Hardie at Westminster. He made the orthodox confessions, and knelt for prayer at the hours commanded by the Koran, and is the centre of attraction for the curious.

"Everybody's English Song-Book" is a handy pocket volume, with words and music. "It was a Dream," "Sally in Our Alley," "The Boy of Biscay," "The Death of Nelson," "The Ivy Green," "The Lass of Richmond Hill," "Britannia, the Gem of the Ocean," etc., and numerous other favourite ditties, edited by "Basso," should command a world-wide sale. It is published with cloth binding, for 6d., by Saxon and Co., 25, Boulevard Street, E.C.

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DR. PHILIP GRENIER, IN HIS ARAB COSTUME.

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Rural Life.

BY THE "P.I.P." COTTAGE FARMER.

Collics as House-Dogs and Companions.



If you possess a well-bred collic—a bitch for choice—and she be of a kindly disposition, treasure her and be proud of her. Collics should never be chained, nor should they wear a collar. A collic bitch will not fight of her own free will, though when attacked she is generally well able to retaliate. On this account she is safe as a road companion. As a playmate for man, woman, or child there is not her equal. I have a very fine, well-bred bitch that

Plays with Me

at a game she and I call football. We have a rabbit's skin tightly stuffed with hay or wool, and well tied around with twine. I place it on the kick-off spot, and Niobe stands in front. She never rushes in till I lift my foot, but when I do that I have to be very smart if I mean to get a good kick. If the ball rises up she is generally the first to get well under it, and she will spring up and take it in her teeth when it is five or six feet in the air. She then does a circle round, and replaces the ball at the spot, and stands in front of it, challenging me to kick.

Niobe Knows all My Friends,

and she treats them all respectfully, but makes friends with none. If she feels that I dislike a person (and I am sure she does so sometimes), she takes care to let that person know that she, too, dislikes him. I dare trust her to keep anybody from leaving the room, if once he or she sits

Note the neck: how fine, and yet how it fills out and downward—full and bold to the breast, and strong and elegant to the back. See the clean and yet strong legs; note the length of the body and the elegantly set-on tail. This is the everlasting layer, if one will but give up the fault of in-breeding and take to egg-producing simply. Hamburgs are qualified to fill the egg-basket if any fowls are. It is possible to get an average of 200 to 250 eggs from every hen that approaches the hen in my picture in points and in character. For the type illustrated I am indebted to a keen fancier and champion black Hamburg breeder at West Bromwich.

I was rather "knocked," as they say in London, at being told by a presumably good authority that my polo pony types are too finely drawn, meaning thereby that I go in for too racing-like an animal, and one for which there is little or no demand. This is always the way. Set the pattern low and the middle-class and set it very high, and the middle-class and mediocre are sure to try and detract from it. However, I reproduce my type of an up-to-date polo galloper, and I again say that there is more money in polo ponies than in any other breed of horses to-day.



DYNAMITE—A POLY GALLOPER.

Dynamite was sold by auction last year for 400 guineas among others of a team that made sums of 400, 300 and 310 guineas. The crowd of horsemen who attended the sale showed that plenty of men know what a polo pony should be like; and Mr. Willie Walker, who purchased Dynamite, and who is a most expert polo player and a capital judge of pace, got the pick of the basket at a very moderate price considering.

"The Fruit-Growers' Year-Book."

The leading text-book of the fruit-growing industry in this country, is published for one shilling at the *Globe Office*, 30, Fleet Street, E.C. It is justly claimed for this well-illustrated and serviceable annual, which is a substantial handbook of 386 pages, that it is "an inexhaustible mine of information and instruction." Under the editorial control of the Earl of Winchelsea, the "Fruit-Growers' Year-Book" should be valued by horticulturists to such good purpose as to make England depend more and more upon her own fruitful soil for her fruit supply. Let British fruit-growers but rouse themselves and the country should retain many millions that are sent abroad for fruit. This invaluable Annual is crowned by an article on the wine-making estate of the Marquis of Bute in South Wales, an article that should bring about wine-making in other parts of the kingdom.

Book on Dairying and Butter Making.

Reply to "M. M." Dublin.—There is full information about practical dairying in "The New Farming," Book No. 1, Old Bailey, E.C. It is a most elaborate and useful work in its Vinton and Co.'s series of handbooks for the farm, No. 7, "The Dairy," price 2s. 6d., 9, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.

Puppy's Hair Sheding.

Reply to "Anxious."—It is not unusual at the age, but not to the extent you speak of. Give flowers of sulphur—as much as will lie on a sixpence, in the bread and milk daily. Apply the ordinary sulphur ointment once a week—rubbing it in all over.

Buying a Farm in South of England.

Reply to "L. S. and D."—Yes, I know of a capital little sporting, agricultural, fancy-stock, game and rabbit farm near Haywards Heath now to sell for about £4500. It is a splendidly equipped place, and could be worked to clear £500 a year. Would that suit you?

N.B.—The writer of "Rural Life" will be pleased to reply to correspondence sent to him through the Editor of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, 10, Milford Lane, Strand, London.

(Continued each week in the "P.I.P." To secure your weekly copy, you should request your newsagent to supply the "P.I.P." regularly all the year round.)

THE PENNY LAWYER.

"Lex" will be happy to answer in this column short and simple questions of law. Queries should be addressed to "The Editor," 10, Milford Lane, Strand, London, and must be accompanied by the proper names and addresses in confidence. Replies given to names or initials, as desired. Questions must be written on one side of the paper on y. No replies can be sent direct by post.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. S.—(1) Gain a dividend from the trustee. (2) If the bill of sale is valid it will override any execution you may levy. But if you think the debtor has means to pay try a County Court summons.

Duo.—It depends upon the assessment of the house in the rate-books.

X. X.—If anybody, the person who put it out.

W. M.—You cannot raise the rent as you propose. You must determine the tenancy by proper notice, and then unless the tenant chooses to pay the increased rent, they will have to go out.

X. Y. Z.—Except as to freehold property, one third goes to the wife and two thirds to the children, if there be no will.

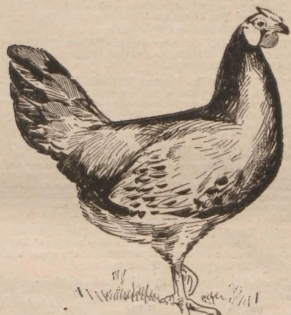
YOUNG JIN.—Your neighbour has no such right.

HARRY.—A month's notice.

P. S. E.—If the debtor pays the debt on receipt of the solicitor's letter he can refuse to pay the solicitor's fee, and the costs would fall on you. Issue a County Court summons forthwith.

CONSTANT READER (A. E. B.).—Yes, if properly stamped.

HEADACHE.—To all readers mentioning *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, we shall be pleased to send a sample of the DAISY HEADACHE CURE free. It will only cost you a postcard, and will give you almost instant relief from Headache, Neuralgia, &c., without suffering unnecessary pain, but send to-day. 2,500,000 Daisies were sold last year.—DAISY, Parady Works, Leeds.—[ADV.]



A BLACK HAMBURG HEN.

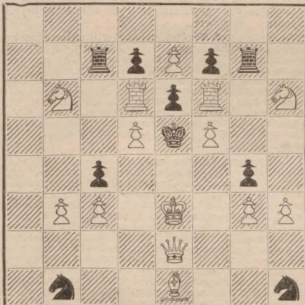
Besides the sprightly and alert tone in head, eye, tail, and foot (they all seem to speak almost), these are the definite points: In the head, six-eyes, ears, ear-lobes, beak, comb, and wattles. Please note those of the fowl in my picture.

CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY I. GUNSBURG.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 157.
1. P to K3rd P to B3rd
2. B to B2nd P to K6th
3. P to K3rd P takes B
4. P takes P, mate; etc.

PROBLEM No. 158.—By H. T. BAILEY.
BLACK (Ten Pieces).

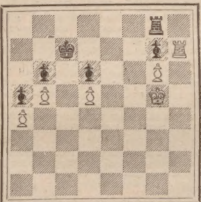


WHITE (Fourteen Pieces).
White to play, and mate in two moves.

PRINCIPLES OF CHESS.

This week we are fortunate in being able to present to our readers another instance of a finely played ending, in which there were scattered Pawns on both sides. But the position involves another very important point. When a King can force the opposition and get behind the opponent's Pawn, or if he can use strategy to prevent the opponent's King getting in front of his own Pawn, he is bound to win, as will be shown below, which is a position arising out of an interesting off-land game played only last week at the City of London Chess Club by our friend Mr. Van Lennep against another strong amateur.

BLACK (Mr. T.).



WHITE (Mr. Van Lennep).

White won the game in the following interesting manner:

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R takes P ch R takes B
2. R to B6th R to B4th
3. R to B7th R to Q2nd
4. P to K3rd R to Q2nd
5. R to K1st (Q) R takes Q
6. K takes B

And now will be seen the important effect of White Pawn being so forward, and the Black King being behind the Pawn. If the White and Black centre Pawns would stand on Q 4th respectively, Black would, of course, easily win by K to Q3rd; but under the circumstances he is bound to lose the opposition. For instance—
6. K to B1st

And White must win, owing to the fact that being on the weaker side of Black's Pawn, he has two squares on which to attack the Pawn, K 6th and K 7th, whereas Black has only one square on which to defend the Pawn. Similarly, if Black's King were placed on K 4th, and White King on Q 4th, Black would win for the same reason. It is to obtain this position that White made his sacrifice.

THE SPRING LONDON IS LONGING FOR.

From the *British Review's* appreciative criticism of Mr. Alfred Austin's book of poems we quote the following lines from the Poet Laureate's "Spring Carol":

Now winter hath drifted
To bygone years,
And the soil is uplifted
By crocus spears.

The snow hath melted
From sunless eleft,
And the clouds that pelted
Slant sleet have left
The sky as blue as a child's gaze after
His tears have vanished and veered to laughter.



First Stranger: "I say, that's my umbrella you have."
Second Stranger: "I don't doubt it, Sir—I don't doubt it. I bought it at a bit of a price."

WHERE HE GOT IT FROM.

DRAUGHTS.

F. HIGGINSON AND W. N. MAUNDER.—Your ingenious problems shall appear in due course.

S. P. LAWSON.—Has two keys, by 18-11 and 21-27.

F. PARSONS.—No. 1 can be solved by 10-15, 19-10, 18-14, 28-19, 14-23, etc. No. 2 too easy. Try again.

C. THAYER AND T. DUGGAN.—Positions rather obvious. PENNSYLVANIA.

J. H. ALLEN.—In No. 108 you have given White two moves in succession—thus: 21-14, 31-27.

A. TRIVALLION.—No. 1 shall appear, as promised. No. 2 commonplace.

T. PITCHER.—Rather below standard. Continue problem-solving for the present.

W. GIBSON.—No. 2 indecisive. Try another.

J. ARAB.—Very pretty, but try and avoid second key-move—namely, 19-2.

W. H. STARR.—Thanks for game. A problem selected for insertion in due course. *Re game No. 86, at eighth move of note (c) 9-5 drawn, as you have ingeniously shown.*

* * * Other replies held over till next week.

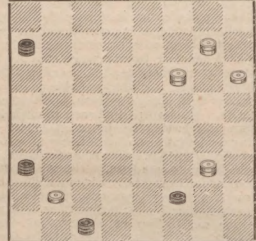
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 114.—By J. CHURCHILL.

Black: 3, 5, 6, 10, 12, 23.
White: 7, 20, 22, 24, 28, 31.
Black to move and win.

10-15 2-9 24-19 28-19 31-24
7-2 5-14 15-24 23-27 8-11
3-8 B. wins.

PROBLEM No. 115.—By W. GIBSON (Manchester).

BLACK.



WHITE.
Black to move, and draw.

GAME No. 89.

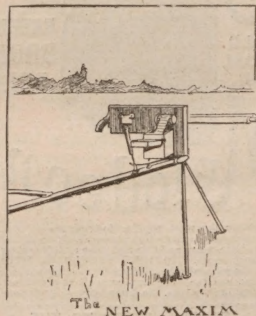
An interesting game played at sea between Mr. WILLIAM VEAL (Black), and FRIEND (White).

The Switcher (*): Mr. Veal's move.

11-15 21-14 4-8 28-22 81-27
21-17 6-10 24-19 19-25 32-23
8-11 22-17 11-10 22-8 7-19
25-21 13-22 31-26 26-31 14-7
9-18 28-17 8-11 27-22 2-27
17-14 15-18 19-15 16-19 Black
10-17 29-25 16-19 24-15 won.
(c) This move is probably a loss; the following draws

(J. H. B.)—
24-30 12-19 16-11 1-6 28-24
11-15 27-23 7-16 2-9 20-23
30-29 12-27 20-11 12-16 24-20
15-19 32-16 2-7 14-7
23-16 8-12 11-2 5-30 Draws.

Mr. Hiram S. Maxim, the American inventor, who has made his home in our midst, has always something new to startle us, whether it be a flying-machine or a bullet-proof cuirass. His latest invention is the new light automatic gun. The weapon weighs but five-and-twenty pounds, and is mounted on a tripod weighing fifteen. It fires at the enormous rate of 600 rounds a minute, and has made as many as 99 per cent. of hits at 1000 yards. It may be packed in a krapack, with tripod, spare lock, spare parts, and implements, and carried on a man's back, the total weight being fifty-three and a half pounds. It may be packed for the use of cavalry, and the weight is then fifty-five pounds, the gun being carried on



the right side of the horse, the ammunition on the other. The utility of a weapon of this sort, in such "little wars" as Britain is compelled to undertake against the hordes of savages who still menace her Indian and African frontiers is obvious.

"Everybody's Guide to Photography" is a serviceable handbook, issued for 6d. by Saxon and Co., 25, Boulevard Street, E.C.

IN DRINKING COCOA, care should be taken to have the pure article only, as many so-called "pure" cocoas contain added matter which is not only unnecessary, but often positively harmful. CADBURY'S is a perfectly safe and reliable Cocoa, containing the full nourishing properties of the Cocoa bean, without any foreign admixture whatsoever. As a sustaining, strength-giving beverage, and a nourishing food, CADBURY'S Cocoa fulfils every requirement. *Health* says: "CADBURY'S Cocoa has in a remarkable degree those natural elements of sustenance that give the system endurance and hardihood, with a steady action that makes it a most acceptable and reliable beverage."—[ADV.]

* * * As there has been a vast increase in the demand for "The Penny Illustrated Paper" during the past twelvemonth, and as each week's Issue is very quickly sold out, readers desirous of securing copies without fail are earnestly advised to instruct at once their local newsagent to send them the Paper regularly each week throughout 1897.

Chronic Indigestion

The Triumph of Guy's Tonic.

In perhaps no Disease is the patience of the Medical Profession more sorely tried than in the mainly chronic cases which appear at the head of this notice. Not only is the practitioner called upon to undo the work of perhaps a score of years, in the case of some insensible patient who has destroyed his Digestive Powers with trash and is clamorous for relief, but he well knows that in nine cases out of ten the instructions he is giving regarding Diet, the use of Stimulants, and general regimen is simply so much wasted breath, as he is certain it will never be carried out. In fact, Chronic Dyspepsia is the *hinc noire* of the Profession of Medicine.

Guy's Tonic is now the recognised Remedy in Indigestion with the Public of these Islands, and, in fact, wherever the English Tongue is spoken. Its sales are increasing by leaps and bounds, and Thousands of Testimonials have been received testifying as to its value as a Remedy for that most intractable Disease.

The following typical case of Indigestion of over twenty years' standing will bear out these statements:

"53, Caledonia Street, Leeds.

"I have great pleasure in stating the following facts with regard to the great benefit my wife has received from a course of Guy's Tonic. I have been married twenty years, and for the greater part of that time she has suffered from Indigestion, and has not been able to eat any other flesh meat except mutton, and that only sparingly. She has tried all sorts of medicines without any lasting results, and one of the leading doctors in this city told her she would always be Dyspeptic. Her Appetite failed her, and she began to lose flesh. I came across one of your advertisements in which a similar case was mentioned, and I sent out and got a bottle of Guy's Tonic; I then got another, and now we have the satisfaction of saying that Guy's Tonic put her all right, and her appetite is such that she can eat a dry crust with relish. I shall be very glad to answer any inquiries about Guy's Tonic, and I think it only wants to become more widely known to be highly appreciated by all who suffer from Indigestion and kindred ailments.

"B. W. HORSMAN."

Guy's Tonic is very widely recommended by Medical Men, and is now employed in Hospital practice. Guy's Tonic is procurable of Chemists throughout the Kingdom. Be sure you get the genuine—the style is too familiar to need description—Blue Wrapper and Yellow Label, with Red Border.

[Adv.]

HOW THE WORLD WAGS.

THE Queen has now arranged to move the Court from Osborne to Windsor on Monday next. The Empress Frederick of Germany, now on a visit to Her Majesty, crossed from Osborne last Monday afternoon, and paid a visit to the Portsmouth Royal Sailors' Home, where Her Majesty inspected the establishment generally, and more particularly the cabins endowed by her son, the German Emperor, named Kaiser and Hohenzollern, like those of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cornwall, and of her nephew, the Duke of York. The Duke and Duchess of York, attended by Sir Charles Cust, Bart., left Osborne last Saturday morning for York House, crossing over to Portsmouth on board H.M.S. *Albatross*. The young Princes of York are remaining at Osborne.

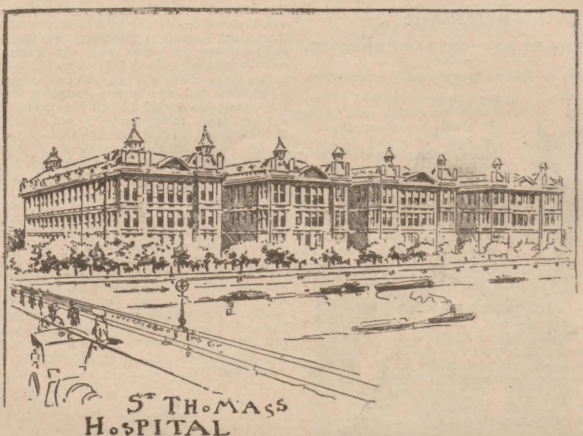
The Prince of Wales honoured with his presence on Monday night a dinner given to Dr. Nansen at the Imperial Institute by the President, Sir Clements Markham, and Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society. His Royal Highness was afterwards present at Dr. Nansen's address on his recent Arctic discoveries at the Royal Albert Hall; marine lantern views illustrated the lecture. On the termination of the proceedings the Prince presented Dr. Nansen with the special gold medal of the Society. The Prince of Wales on Tuesday opened the Trades Exhibition at the Crystal Palace.

In Parliament the return of the Radical candidate, Mr. Sam Woods, for Walthamstow, and the greatly diminished Conservative vote at Romford, has been a blow to the Government and Unionist Party. The Liberal Opposition is jubilant. A Queen having reigned, with general satisfaction, over England for sixty years, there was little reason for surprise that the Commons on Feb. 3 read the Women's Parliamentary Franchise Bill by a majority of seventy-one. But the Bill will hardly pass the Lords. Mr. Balfour had a majority of 194 for his Voluntary Schools resolution. On the vote of £708,000 odd for the Dongola Expedition, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach said, with unenvied spirit and frankness, that the Egyptian policy of the Government would be preserved in. Hence these tears—"on the Continent."

Sir Charles Dilke on Monday opened, in the House of Commons, an interesting debate on the cost of the British Army, and moved a resolution condemning the present system of enlistment and terms of service as unsuitable to the requirements of the Empire. Mr. Brodick admitted that the system was not perfect, but held that any plan replacing it would inevitably possess ten times as many faults. On a division the resolution was negatived by 127 votes to 63. Colonel Lockwood questioned the policy of the War authorities respecting the Guard, and maintained that the proposal to station three battalions in the Mediterranean required further serious consideration at the hands of the Government.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's Outspokenness on the Dongola Expedition has aroused French and Russian comment. Mr. Hanotaux made a statement in the French Chamber last Monday, in reply to the interpellation respecting Sir M. Hicks-Beach's statement regarding Egypt. He read a despatch he had addressed to the Egyptian Minister of Finance, protesting against the money for the Dongola Expedition being advanced by England, and said they had good reason to feel anxious as to the condition and future of Egyptian finance. France, he said, had exerted herself to maintain a good understanding between all the Powers, and, whatever novel declarations might have been made, he said that nothing was changed in the international situation, and nothing would change their resolution to consent to any infringement of the rights founded upon public acts, upon repeated promises, and in the best interests of Egypt.

The Parliamentary Inquiry into the Jameson Raid was formally opened at Westminster on Feb. 5, when the right honourable gentleman whose portrait we print presided, notwithstanding his attack of gout.



ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL
ONE OF LONDON'S NOBLE INSTITUTIONS TO BE BENEFITED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES'S SHILLING FUND FOR HOSPITALS.

open-handed philanthropists in England. There is a Rothschild ward in the London Hospital.

The Magnificent Hospital the Queen Opened, St. Thomas's, facing the Houses of Parliament, may well be sketched, apropos of the Prince's seasonable Shilling Hospital Fund. St. Thomas's Hospital stretches along the river bank at Lambeth, and extends to the grounds of Lambeth Palace, the historic residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury. St. Thomas's, like the other older London hospitals, was originally a religious foundation, established in High Street, Southwark, in 1170, by a Prior of Bermondsey, and afterwards enlarged by Peter de Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester. At the dissolution of the religious houses it was bought by the citizens of London, and opened as a hospital in 1532. In 1701 the old building had become ruinous, and public subscriptions were raised for its rebuilding. Three of the new wards were built by Thomas Guy, the founder of Guy's Hospital, not far away. The old front in the High Street had a statue of Edward VI. holding a sceptre in one hand and a charter of the hospital in the other. In 1822 the hospital premises were acquired for the London Bridge Station approaches, and after being carried on for nine years in temporary premises in the Old Surrey Zoological Gardens, Newington, it was removed in 1871 to its present site. May the depleted coffers of St. Thomas's, the Middlesex, Guy's, the London, and other hospitals be speedily enriched by the National Shilling Fund the Prince has set on foot.

Let the Guards Alone!—A hot controversy has already arisen on the Government proposals on the subject of its intended increase of the Army. The proposals involve an increase of two battalions to the Foot Guards, the addition of a battalion to the Cameron Highlanders, and a West India Battalion. The proposals also involve an increase of 300 men for the Garrison Artillery, and an addition of a battery of Field Artillery. Criticism is specially directed at the scheme to send certain battalions of Guards to Gibraltar. The opponents of change say that the Foot

guards are surrounded by crafty priests, who condemn to death all who did not bow before them, he not only kept caravans from passing through the country, but monopolised nearly all the outside trade for himself. The few English traders who ventured up as far as Benin City almost invariably journeyed along the creeks in boats, and often waited days and days until word was



DVUMANI, KING OF BENIN.

brought that the King was in good humour. Then, moreover, it was often a risky matter to enter into his presence, and it was only by the liberal bestowal of presents that he could be persuaded to give anything in return. Mr. Swainson, a Liverpool trader, who visited Benin City, "the City of Blood," with Captain Gallwey, the representative of the Niger Coast Protectorate, has stated that the King kept them outside his town for two days, until his "British" was satisfied that the visit should be allowed.

Admiral Rawson and Benin.—Between Feb. 21 and 24 Admiral Rawson is expected to attack Benin; but it will probably be the first of March before we receive the news. If the dastardly and treacherous King gets a thoroughly good drubbing and is deposed, there will be a hearty verdict of "Serve him right!" from all of us. It is just the case for a good British "moral lesson," and we hope the monster will not be spared. The treacherous massacre of a British Consul and British officers will be promptly avenged.

Captain Borsaragon, one of the survivors of the Benin massacre, visited Admiral Rawson and Consul-General Moor on Jan. 4 (according to the *Daily Telegraph's* special Correspondent's report). He has entirely recovered from his wounds, and looks well. He describes the last message received from the King of Benin as follows: "No white men are now at Benin. The King does not wish to have any more slaver with the white men. If they try to come to Benin he will send his soldiers to the water-side to stop them. If those are killed he will send more. When all his soldiers are killed he will run away from Benin."

The British Cruisers "Thetis" and "Forte" arrived at Bras last Sunday. Admiral Rawson and Mr. Moor, the Consul-General, went up the coast from Bras to the Benue River.

The Death of Sir John Bates Thurston, Governor of Fiji, is announced. The news came on Monday from Melbourne.

The Rising in Crete: British War-ships at Ha d.—In the island of Crete a very serious condition of things exists, and conflicts are frequent. The *Standard's* Athens Correspondent telegraphs that the fire at Cana has been extinguished by the Bluejackets from the men-of-war in the harbour. The refugees who first took flight have landed in Greece, and raised a strong feeling of indignation against the oppression and cruelty of the Turks. On Monday the Cretans in the neighbourhood of Halepa formed a Provisional Government, which proclaimed the union of the island with Greece and hoisted the Greek flag. The British Admiralty announced that there were five English ships of war in Crete waters, and two more on their way to join them.

The Lord Mayor's Fund for the relief of the famine in India amounted on Monday night to £244,000. It is estimated at Calcutta that further large sums will be required for the purchase of seed and cattle.

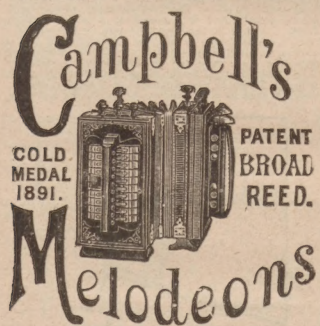
Lord Penrhyn has been offered an opportunity to return to work upon the same conditions as before the strike. Mr. E. T. Hooley's offer to purchase the quarries struck off then was very unpalatable.

The Hotel Cecil for the Colonial Premiers.—The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary for the Colonies, deserves every credit for the idea of inviting the Colonial Premiers to participate as guests of the State in the royal festivities in June. Fourteen suites of rooms have been retained for our welcome guests at the Hotel Cecil—that hugest of the huge caravanserais which line

MUSIC IN THE HOUSE

MAKES
CHEERFUL HAPPY HOMES.

Nothing will be more appreciated as a present by your friend, Lady or Gentleman, than one of the famous



They are the most popular instruments of the day. They always give satisfaction among all classes of Society. They have Organ and Celestial Tone and Charming Bell Accompaniments. NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE. The Solemn Psalm, the Soul-stirring Hymn, the Cheerful Song, and the Merry Dance can all be played on these charming Instruments. No Knowledge of Music required.

SPECIAL OFFER TO THE READERS OF "THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER."
CAMPBELL'S "GEM" MELODEON, 6s. 9d.
CAMPBELL'S "MINIATURE" MELODEON, 10s. 6d.
CAMPBELL'S "PARAGON" MELODEON, 16s. 6d.
CAMPBELL'S "VICTORY" MELODEON, 16s. 6d.

NO DECEPTION HERE. 100,000 TESTIMONIALS. IMPORTANT AND GRATIFYING TESTIMONY.

Mr. J. KEIR HARDIE, M.P., says: "After duly testing the Patent Melodeon supplied to me by Messrs. Campbell and Co., I have much pleasure in saying that it is a most marvellous musical production at the money. It is got up in excellent style, the first I have ever heard of, yet strong and can be changed from 'organ' to 'celestial' at will."

Important Testimonial from Professor BROWN, the Champion Melodeon Player of Great Britain, Ireland, and Wales: "Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the finest instruments that have ever come under my touch, and only require a trial to convince those who are not prejudiced."

Their various branches throughout Europe are aided by increasing numbers, and they form a close phalanx in the world of musicians. They have been in the world of musicians since 1840, and in 1885 he was raised to the peerage. He is now a Unionist. He is married to a daughter of Baron de Bismarck, and is a member of the German branch of the family. He is fifty-six, rich, and generous, and his family being among the most munificent and

RIGHT HON. W. L. JACKSON, M.P.,
CHAIRMAN OF THE RAID COMMITTEE.

Mr. Jackson journeyed expressly from "Beautiful Bournemouth" to take the chair. Since then another distinguished member of the Committee, Mr. Chamberlain, has been down with the gout.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes visited Holloway Prison last Saturday afternoon and had an interview with Sir John Willoughby, who commanded the force in the Jameson raid, and Major White. The meeting was quite unexpected as far as the two officers were concerned, and they gladly and cordially welcomed their visitor. Colonel and Mr. Cecil Rhodes left town for a brief holiday in Paris on Sunday.

Lord Rothschild, who is the Treasurer of the Prince of Wales's New Hospital Fund in commemoration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, is the head of the most powerful family in the world. No reigning family in Europe exerts the same powerful, the gift secret, influence on the destinies of nations as the descendants of old Nathan Meyer Rothschild, who came to London from Frankfurt a century ago to push his fortune. They helped with their secret intelligence and their gigantic loans to give this country the victory over Napoleon. They lent Lord Beaconsfield the money to buy the Suez Canal. Their various branches throughout Europe are aided by increasing numbers, and they form a close phalanx in the world of musicians. They have been in the world of musicians since 1840, and in 1885 he was raised to the peerage. He is now a Unionist. He is married to a daughter of Baron de Bismarck, and is a member of the German branch of the family. He is fifty-six, rich, and generous, and his family being among the most munificent and



LORD ROTHSCHILD.

Guards are the Household troops of the Queen, and it is unreasonable in time of peace to treat them as ordinary line battalions. In the small wars which are continually occurring, the officers have always been well represented, and in all our big European wars the brigade has played a conspicuous part. Being always at home, they exist in an organisation higher than that of line battalions; and by being free from the necessity of supplying drafts abroad, the Guards form a permanent disposable force ready at hand for any emergency. They are localised, and capable, should their organisation be developed, of more rapid and complete mobilisation than are line battalions. By their being increased to nine battalions and furnishing even only three battalions abroad, injury, it is said, must be done to their efficiency, for the battalions at home will of necessity be tapped periodically to supply the three battalions abroad. This alone is detrimental to the efficiency of a force which has hitherto been available at the shortest notice for any service. Lord Methuen said in the House of Lords that it might end in the "tearing out of the vitals of the six battalions at home in order to put life into those which were at Gibraltar."

The Barbarous King of Benin.—Dvumani, the bloodthirsty savage who rules the kingdom of Benin, lives in a day unlucky for savage kings. King Przemysl is now in confinement, King Behanzin of Dahomey is exiled by the French, Lobengula died in flight from "Dr. Jim," and now British Mission has come. The slaver of a peaceful British Mission is in many respects an able man, has succeeded in training a large body of soldiers, and has shown no small military capacity in conducting the numerous wars with the neighbouring people. He has always been a great enemy of European traders and ex-

Read the "ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE" all the Year Round, 6d. Monthly.

1d.—Read the "HAPPY HOME" Every Week, and get the Latest Fashions.—1d.

Dr. Nansen's Arctic Exploit.

"SOME of the public, I understand, are disappointed," Dr. Nansen is wont to remark, "because I did not reach the North Pole—that is, the exact mathematical point in which the axis of our globe has its northern termination. But I did not set out with that object in view. What I hoped to do and succeeded in doing was to prove that

There Exists a Current Constantly Running Across the Polar Region

north of Franz Josef Land—that is, from the sea north of Siberia and Behring Strait and into the sea between Spitzbergen and Greenland. I came to this conclusion for various reasons. Among these because articles which had been on the *Jeannette*, lost in 1881 off the New Siberian Islands, were picked up on the south-east coast of Greenland; also a throwing-stick of the Esquimaux from Alaska was similarly found, while driftwood and mud undoubtedly of Siberian origin were constantly being washed up off the same part of the coast of Greenland. I argued, therefore, that if a ship, built strong enough to resist the pressure of the ice floes, were placed in this current it would eventually come out after passing through the Polar regions into the open sea south-west of Spitzbergen. At the same time, I proposed, by a sleigh expedition from the ship, to investigate the region in the neighbourhood of the Pole."

That Fridtjof Nansen Carried Out His Intention,

and proved his theory to be correct right up the hilt, we know now, and this in the face of the disagreement of the whole scientific world, and the contrary views held by all the ice-explorers of the past half-century. But these made the mistake which Nansen's genius avoided. He let Nature help him; while the others had offered resistance.

The Fram entered the Ice-Floe

on Sept. 21, 1893. It passed out Aug. 13, 1896. For three years this marvellous man and his devoted crew were cut off from the world, and for three whole long winters lived in total darkness except for artificial light. Fortunately, the *Fram* was built by old Colin Archer, a man of Scotch descent who had settled in Norway, who knew his business, and sent a vessel to sea that, in spite of frightful attacks of the ice, came back as sound as a bell. And the vessel was well found. Nansen knew that the success of the expedition rested on the strength of the commissariat holding out. For years he had studied the food values of every possible variety of comestible, so that the utmost nutriment could be obtained out of the smallest bulk. The result was, what with the use of that marvellously nutritious food, Bovril, and similar essences, that perfect health prevailed, and the ship's company was almost luxuriously fed.

Of course, now that Nansen has proved his theory to be correct, anyone else can go and do similarly. But bear in mind that though Nansen felt confident of drifting from one ocean to another, the brave band of his followers had no absolute knowledge that when once their ship was icebound they might not remain in one fixed spot until the last crumb in the larder was eaten, and then be left a prey to the bears. But

You Cannot Talk with Nansen

without being dominated by his irresistible confidence and persuasive influence. You have only to meet his clear, earnest blue eyes, gauge the determination expressed by his firm chin, and listen to his voice to feel that he is a born leader of men. Dr. Nansen and his brave companions seem to have had both a busy and

Almost Jolly Time on Board

the stoutly-built *Fram*. By means of a wind-mill they obtained a very decent amount of electric light, and they managed to keep fairly warm with stoves and an ample supply of furs. They breakfasted every morning at eight, and had oatmeal biscuits, mutton and beef, and a great variety of compressed vegetables. The other meals were of similar character. In the evenings they had music, most of them could sing and some played the harmonium, the violin, and concertina. Whist,

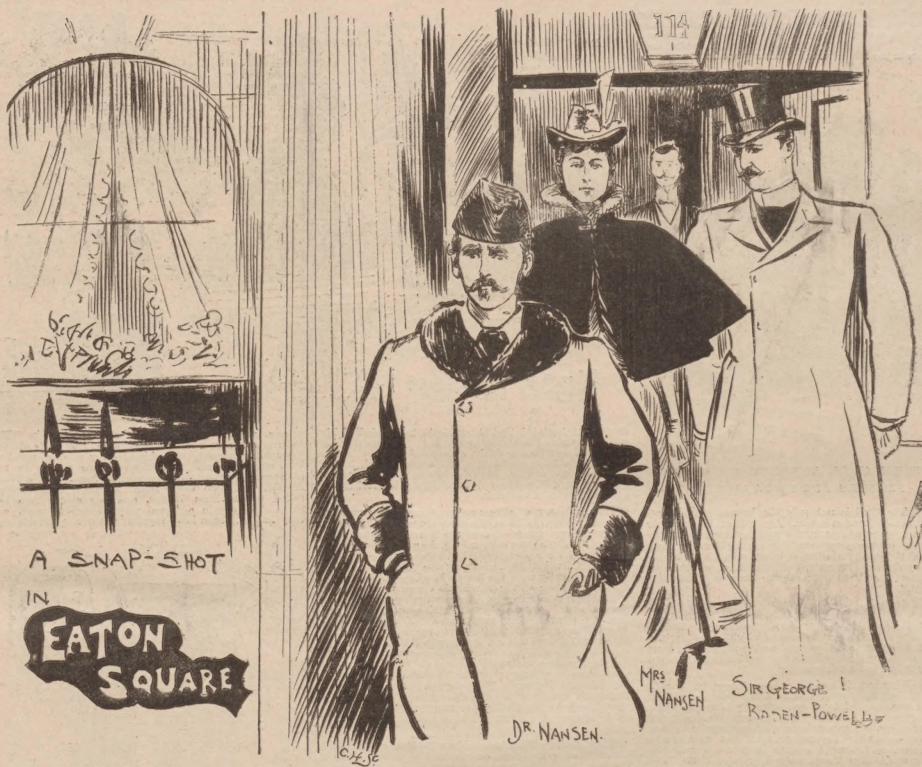
Chess, Draughts, and Halma

afforded continual amusement. There was no alcohol on board except in the medicine chest, and that was never needed. Indeed, the doctor's office was a sinecure. Then there were snow-shoe races and hunting expeditions which were undertaken, the one in case the ship's company had to resort to travelling overland, and the second to supply them with fresh meat. The booming of the ice was incessant as the floes clashed together, becoming more deafening when the wind and current changed at times, but even these alarming noises ceased after a while to cause uneasiness.

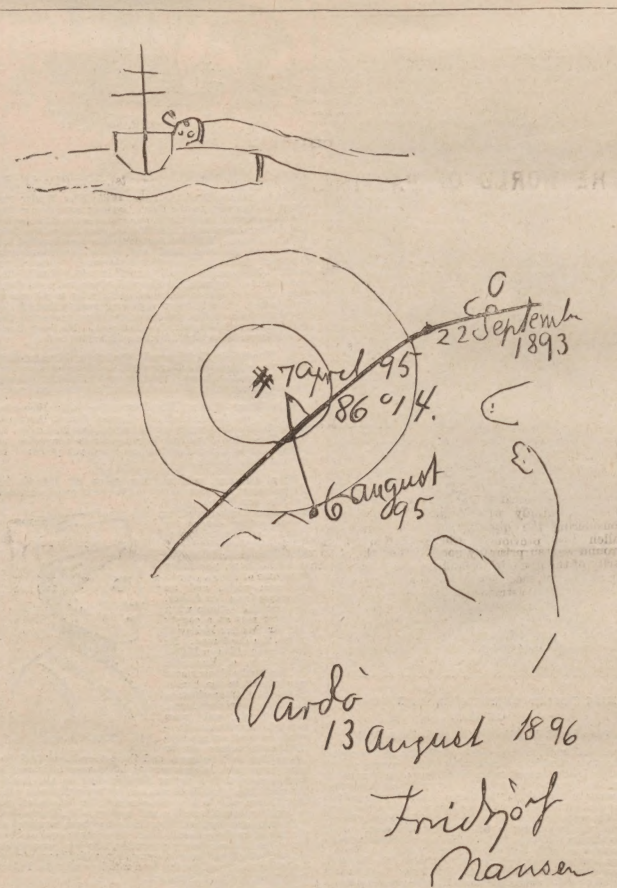
Undoubtedly the temerous action on the part of Nansen was

His Snow-shoe Expedition

with one companion to explore the regions round



DR. AND MRS. NANSEN IN EATON SQUARE, SKETCHED BY A "P.P.P." ARTIST LAST MONDAY.



Sir Clements Markham, President of the Royal Society, in proposing the health of Dr. Fridtjof Nansen and the members of his North Pole expedition at the dinner given by the club in his honour on Feb. 5, remarked that "when Dr. Nansen came to this country to explain his plan, he drew a line across an unknown region on one of the maps of the Royal Geographical Society, as the route he hoped to be able to take; and the actual track of the *Fram* ran parallel to, and very near, that line; so that, in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties and dangers, he had accomplished exactly what he intended to do." (Cheers.)

DR. NANSEN'S ROUTE NORTH-POLE-WARDS.

Rough Chart Drawn by Dr. Nansen Himself.

the Pole. They started on this on March 14, 1895, and kept in a northerly direction till the following April, when, building a little hut they spent the whole of the winter therein. Any life more dismal than this imprisonment is inconceivable. They had no occupation and only a nautical almanack. They could do nothing but sleep and eat, for darkness prevented their taking much exercise. When the spring came they started southward.

The Meeting with Mr. Jackson,

belonging to the *Windward* expedition, organised by the enterprising and generous Brothers Harmsworth, affords an episode as extraordinary as any imagined in fiction. Another incident as remarkable was the arrival of the *Fram* in port within a few days of Nansen's arrival on board the *Windward*. One can well imagine the

Joy of Mrs. Nansen

on his return last year. For three long years she had to live without any news of her husband; while for all she knew her little child might be fatherless. It must have been a great strain to bear up during the weary time of waiting. Fortunately Providence had gifted her with a love of music and a most charming voice, and she wisely determined to divert her mind by devoting herself to her art. Mrs. Nansen and her daughter have accompanied Dr. Nansen to London, where he is now the

Lion of the Season.

He took up his abode with Mrs. Nansen at the hospitable residence of Sir George Baden-Powell, M.P., in Eaton Square; and it was there that a P.P.P. Artist sketched Dr. Nansen last Monday. The Savage Club gave him a grand reception last Saturday night. On the previous day he dined at the Royal Societies Club, and most modestly credited British Arctic voyagers of the past and minimised his own explorations. Last Monday thousands assembled at the invitation of the Royal Geographical Society—the Society, by the way, that had rather pooh-poohed his project when he had bid it before them—to hear him lecture at the Albert Hall, and receive the gold medal from the Prince of Wales, who also presented a medal to Dr. Nansen's comrade, Lieutenant Scott-Hausen. St. James's Hall was crowded to the doors the following night on the delivery of his public description of his great expedition.

Everyone who meets Dr. Nansen is perfectly

Charmed with His Manner,

so frank and so simple, while he is not a bit spoiled by the adulation he receives on every side. He speaks English perfectly, but, of course, with a foreign accent. He is an excellent artist, and many of his sketches, with souvenir of his expedition, are being exhibited at the Grafton Galleries. It is not to be supposed that the exploration has more than a scientific interest, however. No new trade route will be thereby opened; but if the exploit serves no other end, it will afford an example that bravery is no lost attribute of man, while the reception accorded to Nansen in this country demonstrates that wherever pluck and daring are shown, Englishmen will be the first to honour and respect the doer.

MAPLE'S BIG BLAZE



MAPLE'S REPOSITORY IN LITTLE
CAMDEN STREET ON FIRE.

See "How the World Wags."



That the young Africans of the Gold Coast are good material for civilisation may be judged from the above photograph, one of a series courteously furnished to the P.I.P. by the father of a trader in Benin. It is to be sincerely hoped the result of Admiral Rawson's Expedition to punish the King of Benin will be that such innocents as those portrayed will no longer be liable to the massacre and fell cruelties of a superstitious barbarian who makes life a hell upon earth. It was Mr. Edward Cook, the representative in Benin of Mr. James Finnoch, who sent home the interesting photograph we reproduce. Writing from Fort Finnoch, Benin, on Dec. 27 last, respecting a similar scene to that delineated, and regarding the current news, Mr. Edward Cook said: "Times are very troublous round here just now, the Expedition is leaving in five days' time for Benin City; there's the Eijohs up in Warri giving a little trouble, and the Iorins (four days' journey from here) fighting away like blazes. Have had something to do with the Iorins; a ferocious lot of cannibals they are too. I am writing this two days after Christmas; that day opened with a very dull and heavy morning, but towards 8.30 the air began to clear, and later in the day the thermometer showed 90 deg. in the shade—rather warm. Soon after 6 a.m. the natives began to assemble, and at 8 a.m. there were at least two hundred and fifty of them, men, women, and children, all come to drink Christmas. It was great fun to see them scrambling for the various things given to them. The whole contingent of white men in the river assembled together (eight in all) and in the midst of the natives we all joined in singing such songs as 'The Old Folks at Home,' 'Should Auld Acquaintance,' and 'The Loved Ones at Home.' After breakfast (meat enclosed) toasts and healths were proposed, short speeches were made, and two or three songs sung; as a wind-up for this part we all stood up and sang again 'Should Auld Acquaintance,' and proposed health and happiness to all at home, with every good wish for the coming year. If you could have seen us you would have enjoyed it. Most could sing fairly well, and it sounded fine. Later in the day the natives were again treated, and then told to go and 'make play.' The head man then asked me 'If he fit to sing to me?' and, on being told yes, about fifty of the boys started singing and dancing. When they had finished dancing they gave three or four hurrahs as ever heard from any white men, and then disappeared. Some time after this one of the chiefs sent a big canoe to take us to Jella. We had dancing and singing and beating of tom-toms, much to the amusement of the natives. Then we sat down and watched some sixty native women dance, and a very pretty sight it was. The natives enter into the spirit of enjoyment when they see the white man enjoying himself, many of them, children included, putting on a piece of tinsel."

CHILDREN'S FÊTE AT BONNY, NEAR BENIN.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

IRISH "RUGGER" PLAYERS IN THE ASCENDANT.

"OULD OIRELAND" FOR EVER!
The Shamrock has beaten the Rose two years running at Rugby football. The match took place

At Lansdowne Road, Dublin, on Saturday last, and the score at the close was 13 points to 9 in favour of the wearers of the green. To this result the strong play of the Irish forwards mainly contributed, their rushes being at times perfectly irresistible. That their work was of a very exhausting character, however, was made quite plain by the falling off in Pat's play towards the finish, and it is quite on the cards that the valiant sons of the Emerald Isle would have been very hard pushed had the game lasted a quarter of an hour longer. Fine weather added to the pleasure of witnessing this exceedingly well contested match, and, considering the quantity of rain which had fallen just previously, the condition of the ground was surprisingly good. That the popularity of the game in Ireland has been increased by the recent successes of the Irish international team was demonstrated by the crowd of 12,000 persons and the enthusiasm displayed. Even with the victory of Saturday, however, the Irishmen can only lay claim to four of the twenty-one matches which have been played. England have now been beaten this season both on Welsh and Irish soil. They have not to go out of the country again, for the match against Scotland on March 13 takes place at Manchester, and for this event let us hope the conditions of ground and weather will be as favourable as possible. For Londoners on Saturday last there were two big attractions in the Rugby Union way. At Richmond

London Scottish Received Cambridge University, and had to bear with defeat by one try to nothing from their guests. This result was not quite in accordance with general expectation, for while the Scottish had a very strong team, the Cantabs were not constituted as when the teams met earlier in the season. The game was one of most interesting character, being very open and for the most part remarkably fast, while a try by Cambridge was the only thing scored. The scoring was heavier in the match between

Blackheath and Harlequins at the Rectory Field, Blackheath, but the difference in a capital struggle was only three points: the former gained a goal and two tries (11 points)

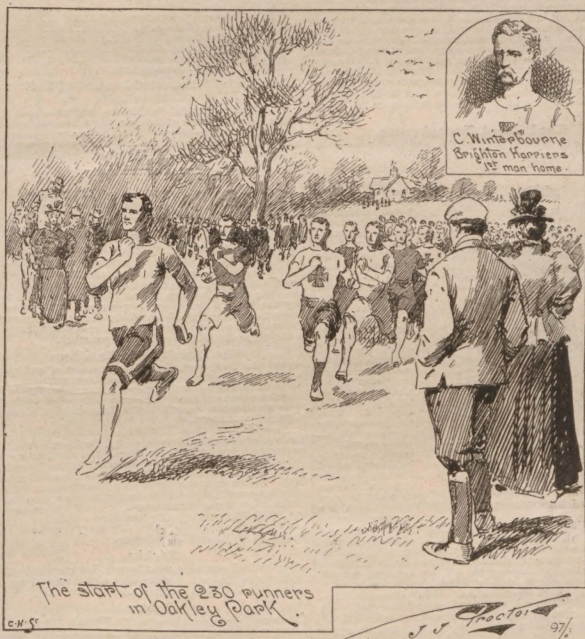
to a goal and a try (8 points). At Percy Park a weak team, unfortunately, represented Cheshire, and the task of Northumberland was thus rendered very easy indeed. The famous Newport team, with their old captain, A. J. Gould, made

more famous than ever in consequence of recent circumstances, visited Coventry on Saturday, and though he was not in scoring vein, his side won easily enough. There was an immense crowd, and defeat of the locals did not upset its good humour

SOUTH OF THE THAMES JUNIOR CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP.

AT BROMLEY

LAST SATURDAY



nor lower its enthusiasm. Penarth were unsuccessful at Gloucester, and Swansea's colours were lowered by Leicester, but Cardiff, like Newport, were jubilant, for they beat Moseley. Both Cambridge and Oxford Association teams were engaged on Saturday, and each met with success, the Light Blues proving victorious over the Old Cartians, and the sister University defeating the Casuals.

Cross-Country Runners

had their hands pretty full on Saturday. The Midland Championship was decided at Minworth, the scene of last year's National, and snow and rain not only rendered the course very heavy, but caused many of the spectators to do a little cross-country work on their own account, some of the roadways being flooded. Twelve clubs competed, and the race was pretty close between the first three, Derby and County A. and C.C.A. winning by sixteen points from Worcester City and County H., who gained second place by four points from Rodley H. (Northampton). The first man home was W. Stokes, of the Worcester Club, and he and J. Weaver, of the same club, were sandwiched by W. Ange, Rodley, the winner's first man being E. Daykin, who occupied fifth position. The

North of the Thames C.C.A.

held their senior competition at Kemal Rise. Sixteen clubs, represented by nearly two hundred runners, took part, the much-fancied clubs, Cavendish H. and Tee-Tum A.C. finished first and second respectively, with a difference of 13 points in the scores. C. Sibley, of the Hampstead Harriers, first last year, repeated the performance; J. Walker, of the Tee-Tum, was second, and J. R. Munce, Cavendish, third.

South of the Thames Juniors

held high revel at Oakley Park, Bromley, over a good course, but rather heavy, in consequence of the recent wet weather. Some 250 runners were sent on their way by Mr. Warland, and a pretty picture they presented at the start. What a difference presently, however! Feet and clothes became heavy, but hearts remained light. The speediest runner was C. W. Winterbourne, Brighton and County Harriers. He was followed by A. Hutchins, of Hastings Alliance, and then came G. Hoare, of Lewisham, but the winning club was St. Mark's A.C., and Reading A.C. were second, the Brighton contingent securing third honours. In the

Ranelagh Harriers'

Clifton Cup competition C. S. Sydenham accomplished a fine performance, winning from scratch in 62 min. 38 sec., the distance being ten miles. Another scratch man, C. S. Luck, won the Thornton Challenge Cup (ten miles scratch race of the South London Harriers). Cambridge University

to Mitchell, who has always won the "spot-barred" B.A. championship! Does friend William ever advertise himself as champion, and would it not be ridiculous for him to do so, seeing that another player is always willing to give him at least 8000 in 24,000! There is a great cry about "English Billiards." Will anyone come forward and define it? If we look to the Billiard Association for such definition we must ask them to abolish one or two other of their championships, for we cannot admit the right of anyone to call himself the champion unless he is *facile princeps* at both games. The Billiard Association have set up a "standard" table, but this is only one of the many alterations that have been going on from time to time in the matter of spots and pockets; and this leads us once more to the question, "What is English billiards?" since the Billiard Association recognise two games. The American game has been altered just as ours has, but the game of the age is accepted as the national one by Americans. What, therefore, are we to accept? The game as played everywhere by our professionals, or the game that can be played on a "standard" with no fair strokes barred? If the Billiard Association is powerful enough, let them decide. The superiority of Roberts at the spot-barred game was once more emphasised on Monday afternoon last, when in his match with McNeil he scored 1001 points in fifty-seven minutes. At the same time, at the Argyll Hall, the last stage but one of the

London Press Tournament

was being got through. Mr. Sydenham Dixon was at the top of his form, and easily beat Mr. B. Carter. Neither Mr. E. S. Pardon nor Mr. George J. Groves was seen at his best, but their game, "long drawn out," furnished much excitement. Tolerably large company witnessed these games. The final was played on Tuesday evening.

Rowing at the Universities.

As usual, the opinions as to the crews at Oxford and Cambridge vary greatly, but those who are in constant attendance think that the exhibition of either is below average excellence, especially considering the adverse conditions of the elements. It is now considered that

The Light Blue Eight

has been decided upon, and that there is a good deal of pace on the boat if not at present too much polish—

D. E. Campbell-Muir (Trinity Hall) (bow) ..	st. lb.
2. A. S. Bell (Trinity Hall) ..	11 11
3. E. J. D. Taylor (Caius) ..	12 11
4. B. H. Howell (Trinity Hall) ..	12 10½
5. W. A. Biecher (Trinity Hall) ..	12 11
6. D. Pennington (Caius) ..	12 8
7. W. Dudley Ward (Trinity Hall) ..	12 6
W. J. Ferris (Trinity Hall) (stroke) ..	12 3
E. C. Hawkins (Caius) (cox) ..	8 3

"P.I.P." SNAP-SHOTS OF THE THAMES FLOODS.



THE "BELLS OF OUSELEY," OLD WINDSOR
VIEWS LOOKING TOWARDS AND FROM THE FAMOUS RIVERSIDE HOSTELRY.



secured a handsome victory over Thames H. and H., and thus gave further proof of the excellence of their present season's cross-country talent.

A. R. Downer Beats E. C. Bredin.

To witness the 40 yards race between those two, who until recently belonged to the amateur ranks, some 10,000 persons assembled on the Bolton Wanderers' ground on Saturday, and the race was one calculated to increase the interest created by the accession of such athletes to professional ranks. Both men were thoroughly fit, and judging by appearances one could not but feel convinced that but one desire possessed each, and that was to reach the tape first. The way the event was run clearly demonstrated the correctness of this. Downer was the swifter away, and at the end of one hundred yards was nearly three yards in front. The gap was widened in the next 150 yards. Then Bredin began to improve his position, but Downer ran with such gameness that the nearest he came to reaching the tape was in the final few feet. Downer won by two yards in the splendid time of 44.4 seconds.

The Billiard Championship.

It seems to me that the discussion which has been going on now for some days is not likely to have any other result than that of advertising in the most effective fashion the forthcoming match between Roberts and Peall. The position reached at the present time is an absurd one. Whatever opinions may be held as to the alterations made in the table for the purposes of the championship which was instituted in 1870, it cannot be denied that Roberts completely proved his right to the title competed for, under circumstances which were generally recognised as satisfactory, until Roberts' out-of-tune-ness all players at what is now being styled the "cramped" game.



MR. JOHN ROBERTS,
Billiard Champion.

and Peall came along with his marvellous sp4-stroke play. It was hoped that a Billiard Association in existence, a more satisfactory state of things would prevail; but if we asside the claim of Roberts that he is still the champion because he won the old cup outright, we still have two champions—"all-in" (Peall), and "spot-barred" (Mitchell). With regard to the "all-in" championship—which Peall has held unchallenged since its institution—it may or may not be that the professors, one and all, think Peall too good for them; but what shall we say with regard

to Mitchell, who has always won the "spot-barred" B.A. championship! Does friend William ever advertise himself as champion, and would it not be ridiculous for him to do so, seeing that another player is always willing to give him at least 8000 in 24,000! There is a great cry about "English Billiards." Will anyone come forward and define it? If we look to the Billiard Association for such definition we must ask them to abolish one or two other of their championships, for we cannot admit the right of anyone to call himself the champion unless he is *facile princeps* at both games. The Billiard Association have set up a "standard" table, but this is only one of the many alterations that have been going on from time to time in the matter of spots and pockets; and this leads us once more to the question, "What is English billiards?" since the Billiard Association recognise two games. The American game has been altered just as ours has, but the game of the age is accepted as the national one by Americans. What, therefore, are we to accept? The game as played everywhere by our professionals, or the game that can be played on a "standard" with no fair strokes barred? If the Billiard Association is powerful enough, let them decide. The superiority of Roberts at the spot-barred game was once more emphasised on Monday afternoon last, when in his match with McNeil he scored 1001 points in fifty-seven minutes. At the same time, at the Argyll Hall, the last stage but one of the

In the Oxford Boat

there is a lot of weight, particularly in the bows; but it is considered that there is a compensating amount of strength. At present the rowing is rugged, but there is plenty of time yet. At the commencement of the week the names and weights were as follows—

C. K. Phillips (New College) (bow) ..	st. lb.
2. G. O. Edwards (New College) ..	11 10
3. C. D. Biecher (Trinity Hall) ..	12 0½
4. A. O. Dowson (New College) ..	13 0
5. E. R. Balfour (University) ..	13 11
6. R. Carr (Magdalen) ..	12 1
7. W. E. Crum (New College) ..	12 2
H. Gold (Magdalen) (stroke) ..	11 8½
H. R. Pechell (Brasenose) (cox) ..	8 7

A Capital Illustrated Journal of Indian Sport.

The *Gymkhana*, issued by Messrs. Anderson and Co., cheers the go d people of Bombay, which has been lamentably afflicted by the plague. The *Gymkhana* pays the *P.I.P.* graceful compliments, and the *P.I.P.* has much pleasure in returning them. BANSHEE.

THE RACING WORLD.

WITH the publication of the acceptances for the

Principal Spring Handicaps,

the Racing World is supposed all at once to develop a wild desire to consume statistics for breakfast, luncheon, afternoon tea, dinner, and, maybe, as odd little snacks between whiles. I fear that while to a few the lists of the sporting press are most valuable because of their giving all needed at a glance, to the general public they are not so precious. But now at last there is something doing on the market, but not much.

The Lincolnshire Handicap

cannot give lively wagering before some sort of an idea as to Robinson's stable's intentions has been gathered. He holds too strong a hand to permit anyone meddling with his lot or going confidently for others while so big a brigade is in reserve, not to mention the Peck division, who are strongly represented.

Yorker,

the early pick of most who go by the book, is steadily supported when opportunity offers. He certainly is well in and should, perhaps, be better suited by the flat course than either on the Hoveley Mile or up the Cambridgeshire Hill. Yorker is bound to be at a short price presently, if he keeps well, but I am not fond of taking such odds as 100 to 7 six weeks before a race. I would rather accept, say, 100 to 12, or perhaps you would get a little more a day or two prior to the fixture, and very likely then be not so well off as if you waited till the day.

Dialka,

after the Derby running, must be very dangerous if fancied by this 'cute division. We say what a good race there was in the American, who, I am told, has wintered well. For

Sardis

I have no little respect, because Mr. Yvner's gee likes the course, which is a great thing, and besides, under the stable

means business it rarely makes a mistake. It does not win too many races, but has generally landed large stakes on the great handicaps for which its representatives were successful, and at fair prices too.

Gulistan

is nibbled at. So is my old friend Teufel, on whom I was a very heavy loser last year, for I kept backing him in hope of seeing a reproduction of the form he showed in beating St. Fraguin. I am sure some day Teufel will come out and astonish us, or, at least, most of us.

Bird o' Flight

on Monday was mentioned in the market at 33 to 1. The horse to back of this lot is whatever comes to about 6 to 1.

For the Grand National Norton is Now Favourite

at about 100 to 7, though three or four others are quotable at the same price, among them The Soarer. I did not give a bad tip last week, did I, when, writing before the acceptances came out, I said that my pick for the great steeplechase was for

The Soarer

and Ecod's best! At the same time, while I expect Norton to be the best, we must recollect that Daimio, the great horse, is still left in and doing steady work. Cathal has friends, but I can scarcely expect his jockey to get this dish. There are two stories about Stratocracy. On the one hand, accounts are most cheering. Per contra, we are told that the young horse has been fired. If that operation is of recent date his chance is not worth taking 100 to 7 about. I would rather "post my money," as the Americans say, on

Wild Man from Borneo,

who was not properly up to concert pitch when Norton beat him at Windsor. I do not say that he would beat the New Zealander in any case, only that he is bound to come on because his preparation had been hurried. Of Neptune I hear flattering stories, but these are from local towns. He will see a short price if sent to the post, because Arthur Nightingall will be up. The outsider seems to be Burreliver, who ran fourth last year.

Of current chasing I have no story to tell. What has been done lately was

Chiefly by Way of Postponements.

With Nottingham, which after Wolverhampton being deferred a second time came first on the list, no one quite knew what to do. At one hour we heard that the course was flooded. Next that all the water had gone. Again that the flood was out on the land, and so on, till half the people who had thought of going made up their minds to stand on what was a certainty and stay at home.

is brought up somewhat higher on the left side, and these furnished with a group of fan bows of soft yellowish lace, yellow roses, and a bird-of-paradise plume. The velvet is bronze-green.

Fig. 2 shows a Dainty Little Cape from Fa. It is made of smoke-coloured velvet, lined with white satin. This has a front of white satin overlaid by heavy coffee-coloured lace, term tating in a high collar with full ruff, and a jabot fastened by a diamond brooch. The high collar at the back is of velvet in one with the



A Dainty New Cape.

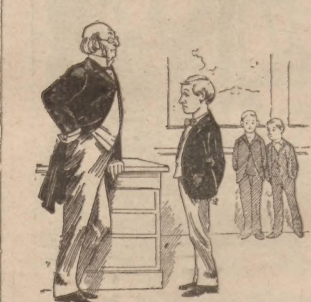
cape, and is edged by grey "Celestial" fox fur, which continues down the entire length of the fur on either side. Fig. 3 delineates a Stylish Coat and Skirt suitable for country house wear. It is built of brown.



A Stylish Suit à la Mode.

white, and blue check tweed, trimmed with blue gimp and narrow French satin, and worn over a white cloth waistcoat. With this is worn a dark blue Tam-o-Shanter cap, with brown and white quill feather.

A Charitable Firm.—During 1896 the sum of 2009 ls. was subscribed by the employees of J. S. Fry and Sons, Limited, and distributed among the following medical and other institutions—Bristol Dispensary (for notes), £210; General Hospital, £140; Royal Infirmary, £140; Children's Hospital, £26; Hospital for Skin Diseases (for notes), £27 6s.; Homoeopathic Dispensary, £10 10s.; Weston Sanatorium, £10 10s.; Eye Hospital, Mauldin Street, £10 10s.; Home of Rest, Durham Down, £2 2s.; Torquay Hospital, £2 2s.; Convalescent Home, Walsley, Cleveford, £1 1s. In addition to the above, the mechanics and those engaged in the building department subscribed £28, which has been distributed amongst the various medical institutions.



Schoolmaster: "Why did you fight Tommy Jones?"
Pupil: "Please, Sir, he hit me first."
Schoolmaster: "Why, I saw you strike the first blow!"
Pupil: "Yes, Sir, but please, Sir, he dodged."

A COMPLETE EXULPATION.

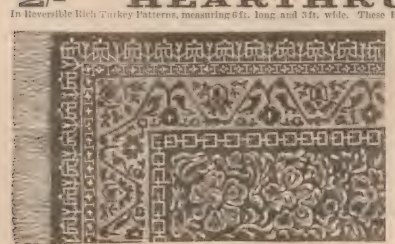
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THE "COMMEMORATION SOUVENIR" REDUCTION SALE. 1837 TO 1897.

Now that Queen Victoria has reigned longer than any other BRITISH Monarch, every loyal subject will agree that a most suitable epoch has arrived for manifesting our loyalty. This event we have distinguished by a "Commemoration Souvenir" Reduction Sale of our "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs, &c., at about ONE-HALF their original prices. The "QUEEN'S ROYAL" Carpets have doubled their sales during the past year. They are impervious to dust; the dirt cannot penetrate them.

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SALE PRICE: **Gigantic Sale of the "Queen's Royal" Household HEARTHUGS (Regd.)**



In Reversible Rich Turkey Patterns, measuring 6 ft. long and 3 ft. wide. These Hearthrugs have gained a world-wide reputation for Magnificence, Cheapness, and Durability, having to equal Registered New Designs, and considered Works of Art. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received evince the highest satisfaction. SPECIAL OFFER—Three for 2s. 6d.; Six for 11s. 3d.; Twelve for 22s.

H.H.H. Baguelin de Christoforo
Princess Valerique Nijehara
Comtesse
Princesse de Croy
Duchesse Marchioness of
Duchesse Marchioness of
Duchesse Marchioness of
Duchesse Marchioness of



Duchess of Wellington
Duchess of Devonshire
Marchioness of Breadalbane
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Colossal Sale of Rich Velvet Pile Real Brussels Hearthrugs.

In Rich Oriental and Indian Art Designs, measuring 6 ft. by 3 ft., which for price, red velvet, weight, and richness of manufacture will be found unsurpassable. SPECIAL OFFER—Three Rugs, 16s. 6d. for 31s.

"I am very pleased with the Royal Velvet Hearthrugs to hand, and would like four more. My Ladyship would also like two Velvet Carpets at 3s. 6d. each, and to match. Charge 5s. 11s. enclosed."

Melville Castle, Glasgow, Jan. 1.—The Right Honourable THE VISCOUNTS MELVILLE writes: "I am very pleased with the Royal Velvet Hearthrugs to hand, and would like four more. My Ladyship would also like two Velvet Carpets at 3s. 6d. each, and to match. Charge 5s. 11s. enclosed."



Castle Hill, Ealing, London, June 4.—LADY MADLINE ESKINE received the "Queen's Royal" Reversible Carpet from Mr. F. Hodgson, the dark terra-cotta color, which she likes very much. Please send another at earliest, same size, dark art shades. Charge enclosed.

Real Brussels Carpets.

Extraordinarily heavy, very best quality, newest and latest designs. In Old Gold, Sultan, Terra Cotta, Crimson, Sky, Navy, and the latest colors. With handsome border to correspond. Guaranteed to wear for years, and give every satisfaction. The sizes and prices as follows (all ready for putting down):

REDUCED SALE PRICE	REDUCED SALE PRICE	REDUCED SALE PRICE
11 ft. by 12 ft. .. 11s. 6d.	11 ft. by 12 ft. .. 11s. 6d.	11 ft. by 12 ft. .. 11s. 6d.
11 ft. by 12 ft. .. 11s. 6d.	11 ft. by 12 ft. .. 11s. 6d.	11 ft. by 12 ft. .. 11s. 6d.
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When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any other color preferred.

TRADE MARK ON ALL GOODS.

CARPETS (Regd.)

Admittedly the Cheapest in the World. Woven without stain. Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel for excellence and beauty. Thousands of repeat orders and testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular color preferred.

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REMARKS—A Lady Customer writes complaining that we sent out too large a Carpet for the money. Be this or not, we send out no Carpet measuring less than 6 ft. by 3 ft.—even for 3s. 11d. TEST THEM. THEY WILL SURPRISE YOU.

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In the House of Commons (CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES)—HODGSON & SONS, LTD., 100,000 "ALARM" CARPETS. On July 12, 1896, his Lordship Mr. Justice Gifford gave judgment in favor of the plaintiffs, Messrs. F. Hodgson & Sons, Ltd., against the defendants, Messrs. F. Hodgson & Sons, Ltd., in the sum of £100,000.

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CHAIN, 2/6

CHAIN, 2/6

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE LONGED-FOR SPRING will be with us soon, cheering us in woe-begone London with bright glimpses of sunshine, indescribably welcome when we have experienced such a saddening amount of gloom: an enlivening our parks and streets with brilliant patches of colour in dress and bonnets, heralding that delightful river fête, the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race. Still, as souvenirs of the severe frost, we may be yet allowed to publish a few more of the P.I.P. Snap-shots taken during the brief January skating season in the Richmond and Hampton Court districts.

The Dancing Novelties.

I see, by the *Dancing Times*, the "Carnival Valse Divertissement," the "Hussar," "Pau-tiv," "Mignon," and "Scarborough Garotte," are taught by Mr. H. R. Johnson, M.C. of the Covent Garden Costume Balls at Albany House, Tavistock Place, Tavistock Square. I also glean from the *Dancing Times* (a penny monthly paper published at 51, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, W.) that the new dance, "Victorian," invented by Mr. Walter Humphrey, in honour of Her Majesty's long reign, partakes of the popular elements of the up-to-date dances, but is at the same time modified with the desire that it may become a permanent ball-room dance.

As I have not as yet touched upon what is considered by general consent the most suitable, and, in some notable instances, the most remunerative employment for women—namely,

Teaching,

I think of entering as fully as possible into the subject; but so vast is it that it will occupy the space at my command for more than one week. At the outset, I must offer my meed of hearty admiration to a remarkable leader in the world of instruction—

Mrs. Burgwin,

the devoted and clever organiser who has been the chief administrator for many years of the *Refugee Children's Winter Dinner Fund*, grown to be quite a national institution. This gifted, cheery, and energetic Irish lady has a perfect genius for her work, and must have inspired many a young School Board teacher by her bright example. Some few years back a very ordinary education was thought sufficient to qualify a girl for the responsible position of governess; but now, if a girl wishes to obtain a really good situation, it is necessary that she should hold a certificate which proves that she has had the training and passed the examinations which qualify her to be a teacher. If she has graduated at

Girton or Newnham,

or at one of the Oxford colleges, so much the better will be her chances; but I must be allowed to add that no amount of certificates or University honours are a proof that she is capable of imparting to her pupils the knowledge which she has acquired and assimilated. This is a fact which is too often, if not wholly, lost sight of by those who train girls to become teachers. It is one thing to be brimful of learning oneself, and quite another to be able to

Give Out that Learning to Others.

As it is likely that not a very large number of my readers are so circumstanced as to make it possible for their daughters to go in for the Higher Education of women—namely, the education which is afforded at Oxford and Cambridge, I think it will be wise for me to deal, in the first instance, with elementary education, in which is included teaching in the Board schools and the Kindergarten. A very large number of women are employed in the elementary schools.

The London School Board Alone has 2000 Certificated Female Teachers.

and besides those who hold certificates there are assistants and pupil teachers. The average salary paid to the certificated teacher is £150, and no one is paid less than £100. The lowest salary paid to an assistant is £50 a year, and the pupil teachers begin at four shillings a week. The hours are from nine to twelve, and then



"Your fiancée looks like an accomplished girl."
"Yes," she paints a good deal.
"That is what I meant."

FRIENDLY COMMENTS.

from two to half-past four—in all, five hours and a half, not a very great piece from out of each day, and there are seven weeks' holidays in the year. I know workers—one very intimately—who rarely get more than three weeks, and during the so-called holiday scarcely more than one day in the week passes upon which more or less work has not to be done. In order to obtain certificates, teachers must pass certain examinations, and they must also undergo "probation" by service in school. The examinations are open to students who have lived for at least one whole year in a training college under inspection or to candidates who are over twenty-one years of age, and those who have satisfactorily completed an engagement as pupil teachers, or had a good report from a school inspector, or who have served for not less than six months in a school or schools under certificated teachers. Pupil teachers must have completed their fourteenth year at the date of their engagements; they are required to pass an easy examination, and to produce certificates of health and character. When their engagement as pupil teachers comes to an end they are not obliged to go on teaching unless they wish to do so. If they desire to continue at educational work they can be examined for admission into a training college, or they can be provisionally certificated and placed at once in charge of small schools. I have not space to give an entire list

very good luncheon can be had at the excellent restaurants managed by Messrs. Joseph Lyons and Co., whose natty waitresses serve you with savory meat-pies or every variety of dainty, and capital tea in charming blue-and-white china at astonishingly low prices. But there are hundreds of working women and girls who are not near enough to these establishments to make use of them. In the same number of the *Lady*, Feb. 4, there is an excellent and suggestive article (see p. 152) upon

"Women Clerks."

which I recommend to the notice of girls who are thinking of taking up typewriting as a profession. I am told that for one good male typist there are twenty expert women: the feminine fingers are smaller and more deft than the fingers of men. The latter are prone to use too much force with the machine.

As Bold as—Glass!

(From the *World*.)

["The latest line in millinery and dress fabrics is glass."—*St. James's Gazette*.]

Maids suffered once from shy alarms,
But now they never know them;
Once they took pains to hide their charms—
Now they take pains to show them!

I should like to recommend to the notice of my readers a new shapely magazine published by the Religious Tract Society, called

an observation about the weather, than would have passed between him and others through an evening's debate on Tennyson, on the latest sales at Tattersall's, or on the higher education of woman. This happy miracle is the result of a similarity of temperament—temperament which shows itself in a thousand subtle ways—the expression of the eyes, the timbre and inflection of the voice, the poise of the head, the pose and movements of the body. . . . A congenial temperament never fails; and the happiness which it produces is all the more delightful because we cannot analyse and therefore cannot disturb its causes. *It flickers on us from the firelight, it shines on us from the cloudless sky, it laughs at us from every ripple which the vessel of life makes.*"

I Think the Following Recipe

for an excellent and practical dish would receive a prize in a competition. It is also a very simple mode of cooking our familiar friend, the joint of mutton, by the process of steaming. Put about 3 lb. of mutton—part of a leg or not too fat neck—into a steaming-jar with a carrot, a small onion, and a turnip cut into dice. Two teaspoonfuls of salt must not be forgotten; also a saltspoonful of pepper, one tomato, and half-a-pint of water. Cover closely, and stand the jar in a saucepan of water, which you must keep boiling for three hours. Arrange a border of boiled rice—as for curry—on a dish, place the

"P.I.P." SNAP-SHOTS DURING THE FROST.



SLIDING ON THE POND NEAR SHEEN GATE, RICHMOND PARK.



SKATING ON CROSS DEEP FIELDS, BETWEEN TEDDINGTON AND TWICKENHAM.



SKATING ON THE DIANA POND, BUSHEY PARK.



BIRDS IN ST. JAMES'S PARK—PICTURESQUE, BUT UNCOMFORTABLE.

of the training colleges, but in London there are seven, if not more. Five of these are—

The Home and Colonial,

in Gray's Inn Road, entrance fee £10; "Southlands," Battersea (Wesleyan), fee £8; Tottenham, £10; Wandsworth (Roman Catholic), £2 10s.; "Whitlands" (Chelsea, I think, but am not sure), £12 or £15. Inquiries for full information can be made at any of the above. Instruction in the difficult art of teaching is given at the Home and Colonial School Society, Gray's Inn Road, near King's Cross, London (please note address). The terms for resident students between the ages of fifteen and thirty are from £45 to £50 a year; for day students £15 a year, and £8 for six months. At the

West Central Collegiate School,

29, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, London, W.C., teachers are also trained and prepared for a year for the Cambridge Teachers' Examination. The fee is £5 5s., but in the case of a student who could be useful in teaching in the school, no charge would be made. My readers would do well to make a note of the addresses that I have given.

In one of our many excellent papers for women I have just read a plea for

Cheap Restaurants for Working Women.

There is far too much drinking of stewed tea and eating of buns by women who work hard with hands and brains for many hours every day; but they cannot, as a rule, afford anything more nourishing out of their small weekly wage. As the writer of the article said (see the *Lady* for Feb. 4, page 149): "If a sharp business caterer came along with a restaurant for working women he might make as good a thing of it as did the original Duval with his bouillon in Paris." A

"Sunday Hours."

It is full of excellent stories and articles, and among the latter I must mention a paper on Ruskin for girls by Miss May Bateman, who is so well known for her work in London for the Invalid Children's Aid Association; and on page 216 of the February number will be found the rules for a prize competition in connection with the Diamond Jubilee of the Queen.

The "Secret of Married Happiness"

is surely disclosed by the thoughtful writer of a charmingly genial and gentle article in the *British Review*. I quote the salient passages—

"Let any man look back on his past social experiences, and consider the first moments of his acquaintance with various women. He will remember that he has met many who have had tastes similar to his own, and who have also been pleasing or perhaps even beautiful in appearance. He has talked to them with interest, because he has had interests in common with them; but for some reason or other he has never been completely at ease with them. He has liked them not for themselves, but for the sake of the things they talked about; and when these subjects were exhausted, he felt as if he were still a stranger.

On the other hand, he will remember also that he has met other women, with whom, for all he knew, he had no serious tastes in common; and yet with them his conversation began to flow instantly. What he and they have talked about he will have forgotten an hour afterwards; he will only remember that he and they talked, and that his life and theirs met together like confluent waters. The subjects they discussed will have been nothing; the people who discussed them will have been everything. More sympathy will have passed between them through the medium of

mutton in it, and the vegetables in the centre, and sprinkle over all some finely chopped parsley or capers. And having given a recipe for a very toothsome dish, let me follow with some amusing verses to make the youngsters laugh. I found them in *Little Pinks*, and they are called

The Fanciful Man.

I could laugh, if I had time,
When I think of Mr. Grime,
Who put his wooden leg inside a hole,
And waddled round and round
On a little plot of ground,
And fancied he was going for a stroll.

So fanciful was he,
If you gave him lined-tea,
And told him it was pop or ginger-beer,
He would drink in draughts and sips,
And smile and smack his lips,
And it never made him bilious or queer.

I should smile, if it were dark
(It might pass without remark),
For this was the most fanciful of all—
If he thought he'd like a treat,
When he hadn't much to eat,
He made himself a rabbit on the wall.

When I tell you that in bed
He stood upon his head,
And fancied that his wooden leg was cased;
And bathed it every morn,
For fear he'd have a corn,
You can fancy he could fancy what he pleased.

Next week I hope to continue the subject of teachers and teaching. It is, as I have said, a very wide and important one, and it is likely to remain so as long as the world lasts. I may also have some new fashions to record.

MARGUERITE.

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WITH THE TOBACCO HEAD BROUGHT FROM VIRGINIA WHEN HIS ROYAL
SERVANT THINKING HIS MASTER WAS ON FIRE DASHED WATER OVER HIM."

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passed into the church. In a short time she reappeared, and lifting her penny out of the plate, went out. The baillie asked for an explanation of her strange conduct. "Oh," said she, "I am in the wrong kirk."

"Papa, what is intuition?" "Intuition, my child, is what a woman claims to have when she makes a good guess."

"Oh, Louise! I have just heard something

"Oh, Louise ! I have just heard something dreadful about you !" "I thought so ; you look so pleased."

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